

The
STUDENT
NINETEEN - NINETEEN
COMMENCEMENT



Telephone Operating is **an Ideal Occupation for** **Young Women**

The Special Technical Training is not only given free to accepted applicants, but operators are

Paid While in Training

and salaries are increased at regular and frequent intervals

The work is continuous; there are no slack seasons, no lay-offs, and there are many opportunities for promotions to positions of responsibility with higher pay. All promotions are made from the ranks.

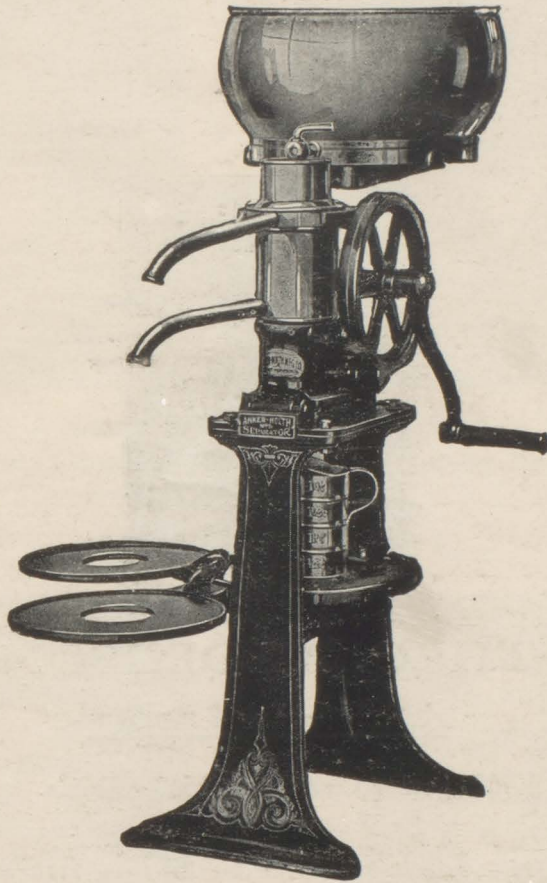
Every comfort and refinement of surroundings is provided for employees. There is a pleasant sitting room and a dining room, and the operating room is light and airy.

Call at the Telephone Building and *Bring Your Mother*. The Chief Operator will gladly show you about, any time between 9:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.

**HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ARE ESPECIALLY WELL
EQUIPPED FOR SUCCESS IN THIS WORK**

Michigan State Telephone Company

Compliments of



Anker-Holth Manufacturing Co.
PORT HURON, MICHIGAN



THEO. ANDERSON

Accountant and Auditor

604 Lapeer Court, Port Huron, Mich.

High School 896---PHONE---Residence 1436-W

Student Executive Staff



HELEN BARRETT
Editor-in-Chief



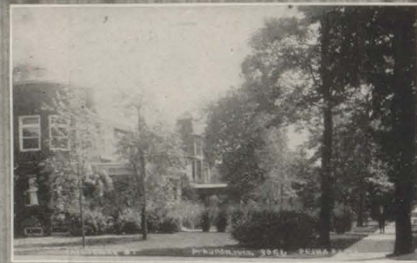
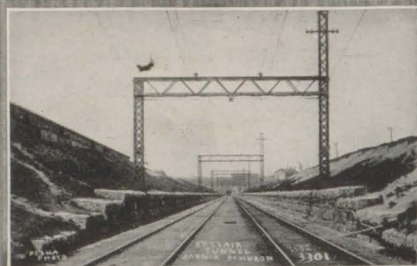
HAROLD HILL
Business Manager



HARRY MAGAHAY
Asst. Advertising Manager



THOMAS HOWARD
Advertising Manager





o Our City
In appreciation
of the many natural
beauties with which
God has endowed
her, this book is
respectfully dedicated.

Barth



SUPERINTENDENT H. A. DAVIS



PRINCIPAL R. V. HUNGERFORD

History of Port Huron

The history of Port Huron proper may be said to begin in 1837 because in that year the settlement near the mouth of Black River was first called by that name. Two years before Edward Petit had laid out a plat on the South side of Black River, near the mouth which he called the Village of Peru. D. B. Harrington laid out the land between Peru and the Indian Reserve in the Village of Desmond. John Thorn laid out what is now called Thorn's Plat and called it Gratiot, and Charles Butler laid out Butler Plat and called it Huron, and in 1837 these were all united and called Port Huron. For some years before that people had been coming in slowly and settling around the vicinity principally along Black River. In 1832 the Military Road from Detroit to Fort Gratiot was completed and a bridge built across Black River. Oddly enough the bridge was of the same general type as the present one, except that each leaf or part was raised by a separate winch, requiring two men to operate it. At that time the Indian Reserve was still in existence, the east line starting at Black River a short distance east of the bridge and running southwesterly through the present St. Clair County Savings Bank, J. A. Davidson & Co. store, crossing Griswold Street a little east of Sixteenth Street. John Riley, a half breed Indian, well known for his services as interpreter and his influence with the Indians, lived for several years in a log house just inside the Reserve near the corner of Military and Water Streets.

People began to come in rapidly in 1837, a newspaper called the Lake Huron Observer was started, with E. B. Harrington, a brother of D. B. Harrington, as editor. During the summer of that year they claimed for the town 500 population. There were three hotels, eleven merchants, three lawyers, two ministers, two custom house officers, twelve buildings were in course of construction at one time. On Black River there were ten water saw mills with three more building, and two steam saw mills, one the Black River Steam Mill, located on the north side of Black River just west of Erie Street had the enormous capacity of cutting 25,000 feet a day.

There was even then rivalry between the settlement on Black River and the Village of Palmer, now St. Clair, which was the County Seat, and the Observer claimed with pride that 45 people had moved to Port Huron from Palmer.

The main industry at that time and for 40 years after was the converting of pine logs, brought down Black River, into lumber, lath and shingles, and at one time there were as many as eight saw mills in Port Huron, and according to the census of 1837 there were 30 such mills in the county.

The panic of 1837 and subsequent business depression nearly stopped the influx of population and although the settlement was incorporated as a

village by the legislature in 1849, it only had a population of 1584 by the census of 1850. Twenty years later it had reached 6000, had a daily newspaper, and had at last after many years of struggle succeeded in removing the County Seat from St. Clair, although it was not established at Port Huron until the following year.

In the meantime the community had developed in the orthodox American fashion: churches and schools appeared and their number increased with the growth of population. In 1838 the first church was built on the north side of Broad Street about where the present fire hall stands, and in 1844 it was moved to the south side of Butler Street at the corner of Fort Street. At the time this church was built it had no denominational name, but in 1840 it passed under the control of a Presbyterian society, which a few years later changed and became Congregational. This society worshipped in this building until 1859 when it moved to the brick church completed in that year at the corner of Wall and Seventh Streets.

The second church was Episcopal built in 1841 on the northwest corner of Huron Avenue and Butler Street, and its first minister was the chaplain at Fort Gratiot. In 1844 the Methodist society which was organized in 1840 built a church on the west side of Sixth Street, and this building they sold to the Catholics in 1851, and built a larger church on the site now occupied by the Times-Herald building. There was no organized Catholic society until 1851 when the Methodist Church was bought and moved to the place now occupied by the Lauth hotel. The Baptists did not have a building of their own until 1863 when they built on the east side of Superior Street near Butler Street.

The first school teaching was done by two missionaries who came to Fort Gratiot in 1821 to teach the Indians and who in fact taught all children who would come. The first school house was built in 1833 on the South side of Broad Street at the corner of Superior and came in later years to be known as the Old Brown School House. In 1849 the North Union School building was erected on the site of the present jail. The first school building on the South side of Black River was built in 1842. This was burned in 1859 and soon after the present Washington School was built. The first high school building was completed in 1870, burned in 1873, rebuilt in 1874 and again burned in 1906, and the present building completed in 1908.

From the earliest time of the settlement at the mouth of Black River the only means of getting out to the rest of the world was by St. Clair River and lake to Detroit by boat except in winter time, and then generally on the ice. In 1832 the Military road to Detroit was completed and not long after that the steamboat Gen. Gratiot began to run between Detroit and Black River, up one day and back the next. At that time there was deeper water in Black River than now and the steam boat went more than once up as far as Wadham's mill. In those days the county roads were no better than now, and the travel to Detroit except by boat infrequent, until in 1859 the Grand Trunk Railroad was completed and thereafter Port Huron felt

itself connected with the rest of the civilized world and celebrated the year by becoming incorporated as a city.

At the outset and for a long time after the growth of Port Huron was greatly hampered by the existence of two reservations within what are now the city limits, the Military Reservation on the North side and the Indian Reservation on the South side of Black River. The Indian Reservation extended up Black River from just east of Military Street bridge far enough to take in what is known as the Campau tract. The Indians occupied but a small portion of this Reservation which had been made in the treaty of 1507 which Gov. Hull made with the Chippewas and some other tribes. At most the Indian use was occasional only, the tribe wandering from place to place in different seasons of the year, and in 1836 the government made another treaty with the Chippewas, buying their rights in this land, and in 1839, the land was sold at auction, and it became a part of the settlement.

The Military Reservation was attached to Fort Gratiot and came down to Suffern or Grandview Street and extended as far North as State Street, the fort itself being a short distance South of the latter street. The fort during most of its existence was merely a collection of officers houses and barracks for the men surrounded by an ordinary fence, and was not intended for defense. A few roads were permitted to run through the reservation but the settlement on the North was in the township of Fort Gratiot and subsequently became a part of Port Huron. A large part of the Reservation was sold under authority of Congress in 1871 and was rapidly built up and the fort abandoned finally in 1879.

For many years the only railroad in Port Huron was the Grand Trunk and its station was on the river bank just South of State Street, and in 1867 a street car line was built up Huron Ave. to the river bank and then along the bank to the Grand Trunk Station. Extensions were later made across Black River and down to Griswold Street and in 1886 the power to operate the line was changed to electricity and thus Port Huron became the second city to continuously use electric motive power for street cars.

The foregoing are the salient points of the early history of Port Huron. The later history is within the memory of so many living men and women, and preserved in the newspapers of the city, that it need not be recounted here





SOME OF OUR BOYS

Port Huron--Tomorrow

"Nature gives cities opportunities, but the energy and intelligence of men make them great." No city in America today is offered greater opportunities than is Port Huron for legitimate industrial advancement.

Port Huron is a thing alive, throbbing with human energy: growing, changing every day toward something different. What will this something be? Do you want your city to realize its best possibilities?

Cities do not grow, they are built. This is true literally as well as practically, because city building today is as much scientific business as any professional or commercial enterprise.

To a greater or less degree success depends upon knowledge, organization, co-operation, and the keen, active interest of every one who calls that city his or her home.

As citizens we are like a big family, or, to express it in business terms, we are stockholders in a corporation. We have invested our money, our labor, and our ingenuity in our city, and because of these investments we have assumed responsibilities: a duty has been placed upon our shoulders that we cannot shirk or neglect.

With every municipality, service is the aim. That, indeed, is the aim of all legitimate business. And the founders, whether of a business or a city, would feel very keenly disappointed if all of the "stockholders" were content merely to increase their money getting abilities.

Quite true, financial returns are what we all seek and desire, but, business, money, profits are not the end in business. They are the means by which men live and man is on earth to live, not merely make a living.

Consider if the "stockholder" in a municipality, or a business, would devote all of the days and years of his life to business, became as engrossed in it or so eager for larger gains that no time was allowed for the joys and duties of life and no will for the responsibilities of citizenship.

Such a man may die worth many million dollars and be rated a business success.

But—

As a man he would be a failure.

Port Huron's greatest immediate needs can be summed up under the following headings. 1. A business method of municipal administration. 2. A definite City Plan. 3. A more adequate water supply. 4. Improved health service. 5. Increased hospital facilities. 6. Modern methods of sewerage and waste disposal. 7. Vocational Education. 8. Supervised play-

grounds and a municipal Stadium. 9. Fire prevention. 10. Improved business service.

Haphazard construction of city improvements, location of factories, extension of streets and other subjects relating to permanent development of the city, should be regarded with great concern both from a residential and mercantile standpoint.

The co-operation which the Chamber of Commerce can offer the municipal administration is readily observed when one considers the personnel of the organization's membership. So many matters come before the city boards for action that it is humanly impossible for them to make scientific study of each and every matter. And here is where the Chamber of Commerce fits in as a laboratory for the city fathers, because it has at its call the services of trained and experienced men in every phase of life who can give considerable of their thought and time to one definite problem.

Today is a time of specialization and specialization means perfection and progress.

The Chamber of Commerce stands ready at all times to take up any worthy project for Port Huron and furnishes a medium through which such work can effectively be done.

The Chamber of Commerce also furnishes to all public spirited citizens a medium through which they can serve their city. This in itself is considered to be well worth while by men who care for their home town and really want to do something for it.

Some one, somewhere, truly said, "You've got to be a good citizen in order to vote, but you have got to do a great deal more than vote in order to be a good citizen."

CHAS. W. HAENSEL.

A unique definition found on an English III paper "Antithesis is act of words in fine print so they will be noticed."

Miss Northrup, questioned Esther Ream on the purpose of "yellow slip" to the Library. Esther replied "We want to look up our men."

First Doctor—"That woman who was just in here was so cross-eyed that when she cried the tears rolled down her back."

Second Doctor—"What did you treat her for?"

First Doctor—"Bacteria."

Teacher—"Now in giving the definition of a word, do not use the word to define itself, please remember that. Now James, you may give the meaning of a philosophical philosopher."

James—"Please ma'am, a philosophical philosopher is a man who philosophes on philosophical subjects pertaining to philosophy."



The Faculty

H. A. DAVIS, Superintendent
V. R. HUNGERFORD, Principal

MATHEMATICS

ALLIE B. CHAPIN

S. A. CRANE

CELIA BYWATERS

LATIN

MARGARET KRESS

ENGLISH

GRACE M. NORTHRUP

J. OLIVE HARTSIG

BEATRICE WOODWARD

ALTA HAYWARD

ELEANOR HOVEY

HISTORY

MARGARET STEVENS

RUTH RUSH

PANSY BLAKE

MODERN LANGUAGES

HELEN NAUMANN

JEAN EVERHAM

SCIENCE

HARRIET DANCER

VELOIS CROSSLEY

COMMERCIAL

T. A. ANDERSON

LILLIAN KILBY

LESTER MILLER

SEWING

JEAN M. ROSS

MARJORIE MOORE

MANUAL TRAINING

FRANCIS X. LAKE

MELVIN J. MYERS



MRS. S. A. CRANE

Mrs. S. A. Crane

With the closing of this school year, the Port Huron High School and students lose one of the most devoted members of the faculty, Mrs. Sally A. Crane—for years she has been an inspiration to the boys and girls of Port Huron. Ceaselessly and untiringly she has labored with her many students, drawing geometrical angles for their school lesson and angles of thought for their life lesson. Her ideas have been so interesting and her love so sincere that many were only too glad to spend minutes and hours planning and discussing their future courses with Mrs. Crane. Mrs. Crane, never losing her sweet disposition, has endured all the poor lessons, incomplete demonstrations and class conversations with a pleasant smile and a calm patience. It is needless to say that we shall miss her, but it is the simplest way in which we can express our real gratitude for her years of service for us.



GUESS WHO?



Student Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	HELEN BARRETT
ASSISTANT EDITOR	WILLIAM OTTAWAY
BUSINESS MANAGER	HAROLD HILL
ADVERTISING MANAGER	THOMAS HOWARD
ASSISTANT ADVERTISING MANAGER	HARRY MAGAHAY
CIRCULATION MANAGER	LOUIS KLEINSTIVER
LITERARY EDITOR	GEORGE SILHAVY
SOCIETY EDITOR	MARY HAMLIN
ALUMNI EDITOR	HOPE PHILLIPS
ATHLETIC EDITOR	WILLIAM McCracken
EXCHANGE EDITOR	VIOLA HART
JOKE EDITOR	EARL HARTSON
ART EDITOR	WILBUR OLIVER
PERSONAL EDITOR	MARY SCHUBERTH
PHOTOGRAPHY	ANNA FEAD
AUDITORS	MISS NORTHRUP, MISS HARTSIG
TYPISTS	GERTRUDE GLEASON, LENORE HILLIKER, HAZEL HOWELL

JUNIOR ASSISTANTS

BUSINESS MANAGER	EUGENE LEWIS
ADVERTISING MANAGER	ISABEL McLAREN, GORDON TAPPAN

CORRESPONDENTS

JUNIOR

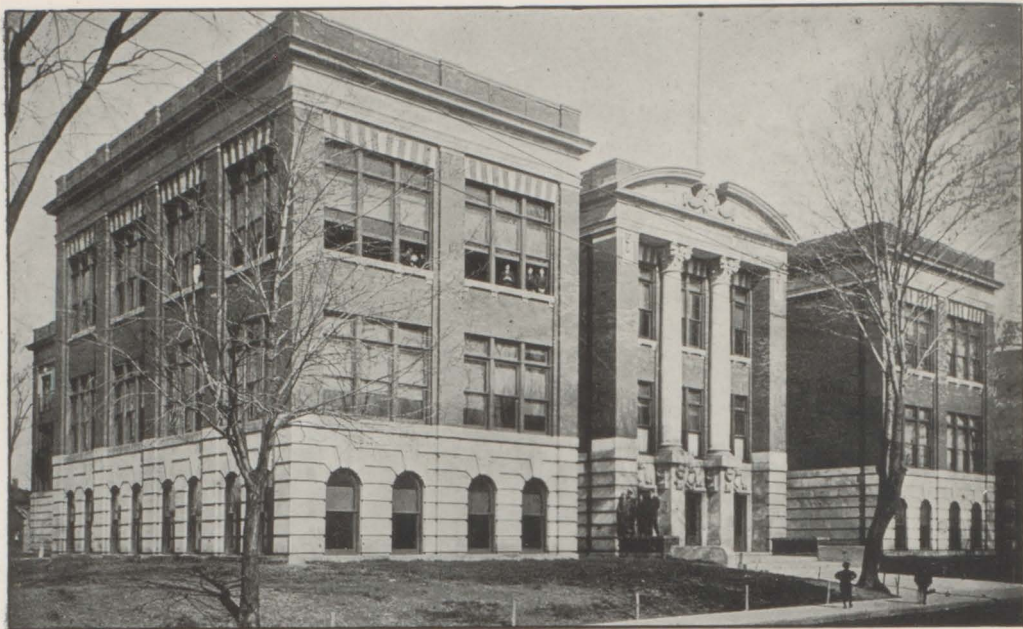
MARIE MAURER	ALFRED BROWNING
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SOPHOMORE

ELEANOR MEISEL	FRANCIS APPEL
----------------	---------------

FRESHMAN

PHYLIS TURNBALL	EDWARD STEVENS
-----------------	----------------



PORT HURON HIGH

An Ode to Port Huron

Here's to your Chamber of Commerce,
The making of your town,
Here's to your summer beaches,
And the parks with which you abound.

Here's to your wondrous stadium,
Which has existed in our minds,
Here's to your famous tunnel,
Your students and your grinds.

But we've forgotten the Young Men's Council,
Composed of students from High,
That will race the Chamber of Commerce
And leave it high and dry.

Now bles't with all these pleasures,
We should not ask for more.
With Port Huron and its treasures,
We have much to be thankful for.

—WM. B. HARTMAN.

SENIOR



Commencement Week

Baccalaureate Sermon

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

REV. M. MULLEN

JUNE 15, 1919

Senior Picnic

JUNE 16, 1919

Commencement

AUDITORIUM

JUNE 18, 1919

Class Day

HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, 8:00 P. M.

JUNE 19, 1919

Senior Hop

AUDITORIUM

JUNE 20, 1919



MARY HAMLIN
Valedictorian



VIOLA HART
Salutatorian

Class Day Program

Motto: *He conquers who conquers himself*

1. Class Songs

Music by Marjorie Browne

Words by Dorothy Sargeant

President's Address	- - -	Leonard Little
Salutatory	- - - -	Viola Hart
History	- - - -	Edith Brown
Recitation	- - - -	William Ottaway
Chemist	- - - -	George Silhavy
Will	- - - -	Leona Little
Poem	- - - -	Helen Barrett
Giftatory	- - - -	Frances Smith
Piano Solo	- - - -	Anna Fead
Prophecy	- - - -	{ Marjorie Neville
		{ Hazel Howell
		{ Gretta Roberts
Music, Selected		
Valedictory	- - - -	Mary Hamlin



FRED ADAMS

*"Give me the moonlight, Give me
THE Girl."*



MARGUERITE BAER

*May you run the swiftest auto,
Which you manage with such skill,
That the roads are fairly scattered
With the victims that you kill.*



EARL BROTHERTON

*"Haste, thee Nymph, and bring
with thee,
Jest and youthful Jollity."*



HELEN BARRETT

*"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."*

ELIZABETH BENNETT

"She is the paradise of the eyes."



GEORGE BRADLEY

"My mind to me a kingdom is!"



MARY BRADLEY

"Silence is a gift divine."



ROY BROTHWELL

*"Men may come and men may go,
but I go on forever."*





MARJORIE BROWNE

*"The best things on earth are
sometimes done up in small
packages."*



FRANK CRIMMINS

*"How pleasant is Saturday night
when you've tried all the week to
be good."*



MARGARET CAMPBELL

*"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good."*



CHARLOTTE COCHRAN

*"Her countenance betrayed a
peaceful mind."*

ADELAIDE DART

*"I have heard of reasons manifold
Why love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind."*

ARTHUR DAVIDSON

*"Let us take heed, for life is
brief."*

HELEN DUNBAR

*"She is severe upon occasion and
upon occasion playful."*

LYNN DANE

*"When I became a man I put
away childish things."*





LEONA DeLYON

"A blythe heart and a blooming visage."



VERNA FITZGERALD

*"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."*



ANNA FEAD

"Life without sport is not life."



WILBUR OLIVER

*"The future I may face now I
have proved the past."*

WINNIFRED FERRETT

"Business before pleasure."



HAROLD HART

"'Tis not the whole of life to live."



GERTRUDE GLEASON

*"Black hair and dark brown eyes,
Winning ways and loving sighs."*



RUTH GERRIE

"Here you will find a friend."





EARL HARTSON

"What I cannot do today I will do tomorrow."



LENORE HILLIKER

"There is none like her, none."



MARY HAMLIN

"Work done may claim its wages."



THOMAS HOWARD

*"Happy are we met, happy have we been,
Happy may we part and happy meet again."*

MAYDE GIGAX

*"She who tries to be happy is sure
to succeed."*



HAROLD HILL

*"When a man is in earnest and
knows what he is about, his work
is half done."*



MARTHA HOCHLEITNER

*"For thus I live remote from evil
speaking."*



HAZEL HOWELL

*"'Tis not in mortals to command
success."
But we'll do more, Sempronius;
we'll deserve it."*





VIOLA HART

*"Friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful and honor
clear."*



EDWARD JENKS

*"His complexion wins, when words
fail."*



LEVANGE KIMBALL

*"Here's a sigh to those who love
me,
And a smile to those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me—
Here's a heart for any fate."*



LOUIS KLEINSTIVER

*"Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis a woman rules us still."*

RUTH KAISER

*"So pass our days in high school,—
Every day seems like a century."*

LEONA LITTLE

*"How happy is she born and
taught,
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is her honest
thought
And simple trust her utmost
skill."*

HARRY MAGAHAY

*"I built my soul a lordly pleasure
house
Whereto at ease for aye to dwell."*

MADLINE McCOWAN

*"The proper study of (wo)man
kind is man."*





WILLIAM McCracken

"May he live to look back on himself with envy."



DOROTHY MAJOR

"Old Time is still a-flying."



HAROLD MARLETTE

*"Come, evening, once again, season of peace,
Return sweet evening and continue long."*



DAVID MacTAGGART

"Accomplishes wonders, though he fidgets most of the time."

BESSIE MAGAHAY

"She has a unique affliction, she is called a 'sensible girl.'"



LAURA MOORE

"The luck that I believe in is the luck that comes from work."



RUSSEL NORRIS

"I have only done my duty, as a man is bound to do."



MARJORIE NEVILLE

"Smile, and the world is weak before thee!"





WILLIAM OTTAWAY

"What a piece of work is man!"

HOPE PHILLIPS

*"I care not a single fig if they
think I am wrong or am right."*

IRVIN POLLOCK

*"The music of earth is never
dead."*

JESSIE PURKISS

*"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for every fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."*

COURTNEY RAUSER

*"Trip lightly over trouble, trip
lightly over wrong,
You only make it double by
dwelling on it long."*

NELLIE RANDALL

*"There was never yet a fair wo-
man, but she make mouths in
the glass."*

GRETТА ROBERTS

*"Bright blue eyes and curly hair,
Ruby lips and complexion fair."*

ESTHER REAM

*"To be joyful is a virtue,
To be solemn is a gift."*





CORA SCHNACKENBERG

*"Work, work, work, my labor
never lags."*

MILDRED SMITH

*"I have no fear of the vast un-
known."*

GEORGE SILHAVY

*"How does the little busy bee
Improve each passing hour?"*

MARY SCHUBERTH

*"Never mind, Mary—the emblem
of our country is a 'Baldy.'"*

HAROLD SMITH

"Curly hair, n'everything."

DOROTHY SARJEANT

*"If there were dreams to sell what
would you buy?"*

RAYMOND SMITH

*"Eyes that penetrate to the very
soul."*

ROSS SCUPHOLM

"Twill not be long."





EDITH BROWN

"Guilt was a thing impossible to her."



NEVA SCHELL

"Always as neat and dainty as a doll."



FRANCES SMITH

"Forever late, but active."



LEONARD LITTLE

"Sturdy, steady, sure, sound, and sensible;

The compound material out of which leaders are made."

SAMUEL SULLIVAN

"None but the brave deserve the fair."



EVAH SMITH

*"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*



FRED STOUDT

*"If he had two ideas in his head
they would fall out together."*



WILBUR SYLVESTER

*"High hopes he conceived, and he
smother'd great fears."*





NINA THORN

*"Turn and look at me!
I am that maiden whom men call
fair."*

HAROLD WAUGH

*"E'en his failings leaned to vir-
tue's side."*

MARGARET TOFT

"Words are but breath."

DANIEL WATTS

*"He has a will and a way of his
own."*

*Seniors whose pictures were
not available*

HELEN ENDLICH

*"As full of moods as an April
sky."*

DOROTHY TENNANT

*"My true love hath my heart and
I have his."*

An Ode to Port Huron High

I.

Here's to Port Huron High
Just down from the sky,
With angelic beings to rule;
We will cheer them along
With a smile and a song,
Our famous Port Huron High.

II.

She stands like a queen
On a carpet of green,
A beautiful spot to behold;
She fills us with knowledge,
She's next to a college,
Our famous Port Huron High.

III.

Our studies are hard,
Our feelings are marred
By these angelic beings who rule;
But we'll sure win the day
Through mixed work and play,
In our famous Port Huron High.

IV.

Now boost it along
Ye out standing throng,
A word of encouragement give;
Now give it a name
That is worthy of fame,
Long live our Port Huron High.

—PAULINE GIBSON.

CLASS ROSTER

NAME	Nick Name	By Word	Occupation	Where Found	Favorite Song	Appearance
Fred Adams	"Fred"	Hello Kid	Running high school	With Grace	I Love the Ladies	Timid
Marguerite Baer	"Maggie"	Oh, No	Working	In a Dodge	I'm Simply Crazy Over You	Romantic
Helen Barrett	"Sunshine"	Horrors!	Talking	Senior Room	The Rosary	Smiling
Elizabeth Bennett	"Ibbie"	Oh, No	Eating	Up Town	Ja-Da	Snappy
Mary Bradley	"Dollie"	Better left unsaid	Creating a disturbance	Hasn't been found	There is No Place Like Home	Pernickity
George Bradley	"Bradley"	Nix on that	Winking	?	Oh, How She Could—	Correct
Earl Brotherton	"Bing"	Aw, cut it	Fussing	At prayer meeting	Kiss Me Again	Fleshy
Roy Brothwell	"Bozo"	Holy Smokes	Sweeping Miss Kibby's room	Sunday shows	Twinkle Twinkle Little Star	Shy
Edith Brown	"F."	Hay You	Collecting dues	With Him	I'll Say He (?) Does	Just So
Marjorie Browne	"Marj."	Oh, Cat	Growing	At the mail box	Indiana	Tall
Margaret Campbell	"Maggie Eliza"	I'll be home early	Bossing	Room A	If I Only Had a Man	Un-fed
Charlotte Cochran	"Puddin'"	By Gum	Spending week-ends in Ann Arbor	At writing desk	My Bonnie Is Over the Ocean	Bashful
Frank Crimmins	"Crimolius"	Oh, Now—	Picking up fights	Roaming the streets	I Love a Lassie	Stately
Lynn Dane	"Dang"	Better left unsaid	Flirting	Pool room	I'm Always Chasing Rainbows	Giddy
Adelaide Dart	"Dat"	I'm just ragging	Writing notes	At Brown's	He is My Lover and Mine Alone	Pale
Arthur Davidson	"Art"	Ja-Da	Dancing the cheek dance	Driving a Willys-Knight	Can You Tame Wild Women?	Distinguished
Leona DeLyon	"Maggie"	Oh, Jiggs	Bringing up father	Evening paper	What's the Matter With Father?	Wistful
Helen Dunbar	"Bobby"	Say, Listen	Making faces	With a man	Are You From Heaven?	Irish
Helen Endlich	"Lucille"	Oh, I don't want 'a	Getting mad	Alone in the light of her spunk	I Won't	Obstinate
Anna Fead	"Dav."	Goodness	Frowning	Yale	The Man Who Threw Me Down	Graceful
Winifred Ferrett	"Winnie"	Now you quit	Making eyes	Dance hall	Tickle-Toe	Lively
Verna Fitzgerald	"Pudge"	You Naughty Thing	Heart Breaking	Brickers	Sing Me Love's Lullaby	Unexpressible
Ruth Gerrie	"Buddy"	What do you think of that, now?	Running everywhere	Room A	Bonnie Jean	Amusing
Mayde Gigax	"Gizzig"	I'll say as much	Raving	On ferry boat	When Uncle Joe Steps Into France	Petite
Gertrude Gleason	"Trudg"	Very good, Eddie	Taking "Fitz"	Any place but home	He May Be Old But He Has Young Ideas	Divine
Lilly Hagle	"Lil"	For heaven's sake	Flirting	In church	There's a Quaker Down in Quakertown	Frivolous
Mary Hamlin	"Mamie"	Oh!	Getting cases	With the bunch	Hark! My Harold Angel Sings	Hungry
Viola Hart	"Vi"	My Cotton	Studying	Entertaining Duncan	Hold Me in Your Loving Arms	Sedate
Harold Hart	"Hardie"	Some Baby	Loving 'em up	At Vivian's	My Irish Song of Songs	Manly
Earl Hartson	"Hartson"	That's no good	Admiring Miss Northrup	Home	Good-Bye Girls, I'm Through	Wild
Harold Hill	"Hillig"	Get the spirit	Getting dope for Student	At Tennant's	Too Much Mustard	Bashful
Lenore Hilliker	"Nore"	Oh, Dear	Admiring the President	With the little boy	I Love You Truly	Pensive
Martha Hochleitner	"Slim"	Oh, Hang	Nobody knows	Nowhere	What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For?	Short
Charles Houle	"Cep"	Where do you get that stuff	Failing in Physics	Ullenbruch's	Love is Like a Red, Red Rose	Submissive
Thomas Howard	"Tom"	Some Jazz	Bumming off Nickles	Sylvester's	"Ja-Da"	Remote
Hazel Howell	"Hadey"	Good-Nite	Making hits	Strolling	Don't You Ever Get Lonely?	Grimacing
Edward Jenks	"Ted"	What's the word?	Skiping	Lexington	Sunshine of Your Smile	Lofty
Ruth Kaiser	"Buddig"	Gosh	Looking innocent	Wherever she goes	I Want To Get Married To Change My Name	Prim
LeVange Kimball	"Tud"	What could be sweeter?	Waiting for a call	At the movies	Kiss Me, I've Never Been Kissed Before	Happy-Go-Lucky

Louis Kleinstiver	"Kleinie"	My Gosh	Running the "Y"	Maccabee Temple	I Can Dance With Everybody But My Wife	Reserved
Leona Little	"Sis"	Oh, Gee	Falling down	With Gladys	I Hate To Get Up	Crestfallen
Leonard Little	"Len"	May I have your Attention?	Carrying the burdens of the Senior Class	With her	Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes	Loud
David MacTaggart	"Dave"	You poor fish	Watching	In a Ford	He's a Devil in His Own Home Town	Flashy
Bessie Magahay	"B"	Oh, Boy	Looking sour	Library	Little Grey Home in the West	Decidedly Mannered
Harry Magahay	"Maggio"	Say fellows, here's another story	Bluffing	Keeping away rats	Heaven is My Home	Solemn
Esther Ream	"Sig"	I's Wild	Writing letters	Alma	Come On Dad	Fair
Harold Richards	"Ritchie"	I say, fellows	Collecting C. of C. reports	Hard to say	My Wild Days Are Over	Fickle
Gretta Roberts	"Greet"	Oh!	Exchanging notes	Meeting (?) at her locker	Cupid, He's Found My Heart	Pretty
Dorothy Sarjeant	"Dot"	Won't that be great	Building air castles	In St. Clair	If He Means What I Think He Means	Fussy
Neva Schell	"Schelly"	Joy	Breaking hearts	In her car	I Love Him Truly	Flirting
Cora Schnackenberg	"Snacky"	Oh, Gee	Worrying	Everywhere	Sympathy	Morbid
Mary Schuberth	"Mary Sunshine"	Oh, Juminy	Walking	With Elaine	I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles	Optimistic
Ross Scupholm	"Scuph"	What's the big idea?	Handing out chocolates	Lapeer Avenue	How Can I Leave Thee?	Serious
George Silhavy	"George"	Beer, beer, when there is no beer	Orating	Burlesque shows	Sweet Bye and Bye	Mischievous
Evah Smith	"Jumbo"	Sit on a tack	Riding on Woodward Ave. on rainy nights	In an aeroplane	There's a Boy in the Heart of Ohio With a Heart That Belongs To Me	Imposing
Frances Smith	"Smitty"	Man alive, child	Boosting	With mamma	Work For the Night is Coming	Persistently Pleasant
Harold Smith	"Billy"	For goodness sakes	Eluding Cochroaches	In his Pierce-Arrow	She Is My Daisy	Snippy
Mildred Smith	"Billy"	For goodness sakes	Having one date an evening	In a Buick	The Campbell Is Coming	Queenly
Raymond Smith	"Smithe"	How's every little thing?	Making out dance programs	Tuesday night assemblies	A Little Love, A Little Kiss	Sober
Fred Stoudt	"Fre-I"	You bet!	Glee club	Having a good time	I Cannot Sing the Old Songs	Handsome
Dorothy Major	"Dody"	My cotton	Laughin'	Mr. Anderson's room	I Want a Man With an Auto	Dashing
Harold Marlette	"Marlette"	I want my money back	Studying	Any old place	You Great Big Beautiful Doll	Vigorous
Madelino McCowan	"Mad"	What'll I do?	Stargazing	With one of her husbands	Since I Met Wonderful You	Dreamy
William McCracken	"Bill"	Wipe off that smile	Frowning	Posing	Get Me a Job Upon a Peanut Stand	Prim
Ashford Meno	"Tuffy"	How Ya Gonna Keep 'em!	Yawning	Detroit (?)	They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me	Studios
Laura Moore	"Bright Eyes"	Oh, Dear	Waiting	Dreaming	I Want To Be An Angel	Stern
Marjorie Neville	"Marj."	Oh, Gad	Worrying	Majestic Theatre	How Can You Tell?	Pouty
Russell Norris	"Bus"	Aw, Keep Quiet	Presiding over session room	In training	Oh, Helen	Fast
Wilbur Oliver	"Web"	Get that, Guys	Dancing	Masonic Temple	Rock Me To Sleep Mother	Shabby
William Ottaway	"Bill"	For the Luvva Mike	Tackin' 'em down	On th road to Home Sweet Home	Comprenez-vous Papa?	Worldly
Hope Phillips	"Soap"	Oh, Darn	Swearing	Jolly Miss Blake	In Tennessee	Long
Irving Pollock	"Polly"	The Firm's Losing Money	Getting up dances	Gayety Theatre	I've Got the Alcoholic Blues	Shocking
Jessie Purkiss	"Si"	I'll Never Tell	Giving brilliant recitations	At school	School Days, Dear Old Golden Rule Days	Carefree
Nellie Randall	"Nell"	Gosh	Keeping quiet	On the car	Sailing	Noisy
Courtney Rauser	"Court"	Listen	Making gravy	Sewing	Oh, How I Hate To Get Up in the Morning	Demure
Samuel Sullivan	"Sully"	Say, You go jump in the Lake	Kidding Miss Rush	Escaping his past	Nut Brown Maiden	Skinny
Wilbur Sylvester	"Bill"	Please, how would you do this, Miss Kress?	Translating Latin	Library	Uncle Josh at the Dentists	Young
Nina Thorne	"Thorny"	Gad, Girl	Primping	Before the mirror	Naughty, Naughty, Naughty	Blushing
Margaret Toft	"Beau"	Oh, My	Writing letters to France	Looking for mail man	Over There	Peaked
Daniel Watts	"Dar"	She was a pippin	Tiptoeing around	Sarnia	My Grand Mamma's Advice	Self-conscious
Harold Waugh	"Mike"	Now, You Stop	Talking to Bessie	With the fellows	The White House Is the Light House of the World	Giddy



Carron flaps



Strong Ladies



G.V.L.S.



U.S.



Brrrr!!!



Theodore



Between the thorns.



Swollen Heads



Good Soles (souls)



Canned



Students



Attention!

JUNIOR





CLASS OF 1920

In Memoriam



JOHN COWAN

DIED 1919

CLASS OF 1920

BOYS

Ashley, Merle
Baker, Bertrand
Brown, Paul
Browning, Paul
Carlisle, Allan
Chalcraft, Curtis
Dane, Lynne
Dixon, Albert
Field, Dudley
Harland, Harvey
Hill, Carleton
Hill, William
Hogan, Albert
Hungerford, Harlan
Lewis, Eugene
Minnie, Allan
Mueller, Barnhardt
Norris, George
Parsons, Edward
Pettengill, Manville
Poplewell, Francis
Potter, Francis
Richards, Harold
Reid, Lloyd
Ross, Harry
Rubenstein, Justin
Smeoder, Charles
Stecher, Samuel
Stevenson, Albert
Tappan, Gordon
Taylor, Arthur
Taylor, Charles

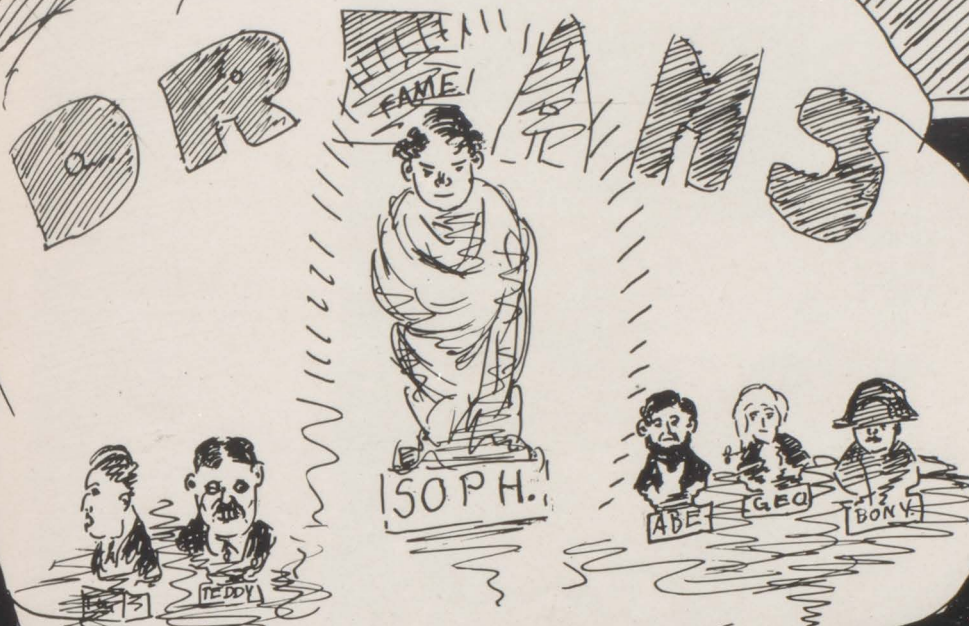
Tibbits, Harold
Ullenbruch, William

GIRLS

Adams, Gladys
Akers, Margaret
Annas, Isabel
Barrett, Bonnie
Black, Helen
Bonner, Marjorie
Brown, Elizabeth
Campbell, Lucile
Clink, Lenora
Cowan, Elizabeth
Davis, Lottie
Deal, Doris
Dunsmore, Emma
Gillesby, Beth
Elliott, Beth
Evans, Ruth
French, Dorothy
Gruel, Louisa
Hagle, Lily
Hall, Gertrude
Hardy, Miriam
Herbert, Marie
Holland, Dorothy
Isbister, Beatrice
Jackson, Evelyn
Jones, Maud
Kennedy, Ruth
Little, Ruth
Locke, Marjorie

Losie, Alice
Lowe, Gladys
Lymburner, Adeline
Maurer, Marie
McAulay, Alma
Morden, Mary
McIntosh, Olive
McJennett, Reta
McLaren, Isabel
Miller, Edna
Mitchell, Helen
Moore, Frances
Moak, Lillian
Molineaux, Marion
Morris, Irma
Mosher, Lillian
Nelson, Helen
Nern, Edna
Nolan, Beatrice
Smith, Mabel
Steinborn, Marguerite
Stewart, Marion
Stocks, Etta
Stewart, Bernice
Sturmer, Ruth
Thorne, Grace
Thorne, Nina
Toft, Katherine
Warren, Blanche
Welsh, Elizabeth
West, Alice
Whybrew, Lena

SOPHOMORE



$y = z + 10$



JAPY



CLASS OF 1921

CLASS OF 1921

GIRLS

Andrews, Frances
Baker, Anna
Beach, Beatrice
Bedal, Agnes M.
Blair, Velma
Boardman, Marguerite
Bradley, Olive
Burns, Mabel
Burt, Mary
Cady, Helen
Campbell, Jean
Carlisle, Edith
Clemo, Roumane
Colvill, Winifred
Cooper, Evelyn
Dewhirst, May
Duck, Lillian
Finch, Marguerite
Fitz, Meryl
Fogarty, Ruth
Foster, Fruce
Fox, Lillian
Gardner, Wilda
Greene, Dorris
Hartlieh, Elizabeth
Harrison, Edith
Hayman, Martha
Henniger, Beulah
Holland, Frances
Isbister, Bessie
James, Louise
Jenks, Helen
Kenyon, Bertie
Kidd, Helen
King, Lucile—Junior
Klaus, Lila
Klingensmith, Lola
Kresin, Lena
Kreitzinger, Irma
Lamb, Ardith
Lammy, Florence
Lane, Gladys
Lee, Rosabelle
Leffler, Lois
Ludy, Mildred
McCowan, Hazel

McInnis, Mildred
McIntyre, Katherine
Magahay, Alice
Marshall, Jeanette
Maxwell, Ada
Meisel, Eleanor
Miller, Lila
Mills, Henrietta
Moore, Ruth
Mudge, Mildred
Orr, Dorothy
Powell, Winifred
Powrie, Nina
Schell, Elaine
Schoenrock, Florence
Schuck, Ruth
Schramlin, Genevieve
Sharrard, Sibyl
Sickles, Annabelle
Smith, Elizabeth
Smith, Frances
Smith, Thelma
Stevenson, Leona
Stimson, Beatrice
Tennant, Gertrude
Thorne, Grace
VanValkenburg, Mary
Walker, Ruth
Warner, Eva
Warner, Mavis
White, Lenore
Whiting, Beatrice
Wilson, Rosie

BOYS

Allen, Frank
Appel, Francis
Ashley, Merle
Baker, William
Barton, Omar
Beceon, Clayton
Bedan, Colburn
Beneway, Raymond
Black, Eugene
Blackney, Forest
Bonnett, Charles
Butler, Milton
Cady, John

Callanan, John
Carson, Robert
Corsaut, Jay
DeGraw, Kenneth
Dimmick, Eugene
Fenner, Russel
French, Clayton
French, Russell
Frink, Wayne
Gerrie, Normile
Gillesby, George
Goslin, Robert
Halstead, Harold
Hartman, William
Hilwig, Edwin
Hoffman, Edwin
Holt, Carl
Johnson, Calvin
Kilets, Rowden
Kreuger, Rudolph
Kunz, Thornton
Langtry, Bennett
Lasher, Carleton
Lawrence, Don
Lewis, Donovan
McInnis, George
Lachean, Gordon
Manuel, Guy
Martz, Carl
Miller, Eldred
Montgomery, Wayne
Noel, Herbert
Parson, Chester
Pressprich, Arno
Ransay, James
Ross, John
Ross, Donald
Rupe, Dan
Simms, Russell
Stocks, Eldon
Stuart, Roy
Summers, Taylor
Taylor, John
Timms, Herbert
Ward, Henry
Wurzel, Raymond
Andrews, Frances

Toast to the Student

Dear Student, here's to you,
An old friend and a true;
You're born of high school red and white,
Dear Student, here's to you!

You're full of fun, you're full of cheer,
You know us all right well,
We wait the time when you appear,
To hear the things you tell.

Of what we've said, of what we've done,
What pleasures and what woes,
What games we've lost, what games we've won
O'er Athletic foes.

You carry pictures which recall,
The friends we met this year;
And through you we'll remember all,
The faces we hold dear.

Dear Student, here's to you,
An old friend and a true;
You're born of High School red and white,
Dear Student, here's to you.

The judge stern and authoritative leaned out over his desk and looked down at the young belligerent, a boy of about nine, who had been brought in by a big policeman for sentence.

Sizing the boy up and down over his glasses, the judge cleared his throat.

"Young man, do you understand the ethics of swearing?"

"Yes sir," replied the urchin promptly. "I caddied for you last summer."

"Prisoner discharged," said the judge huskily.

In Union Parade

Bill—Queer wasn't it?

Jim—What?

Bill—Why the only men who rode in autos were the walking delegates.

A. Fead—Why is the death of a sculptor the most horrible death?

W. Ferret—I don't know, why?

A. Fead—Because he makes faces and busts.



FRESHIES



CLASS OF 1922

CLASS OF 1922

Freshman Girls

Ames, Vera
Basney, Helen
Bigger, Mildred
Branagan, Helen
Branagan, Neva
Brines, Georgia
Brotherton, Marion
Brothwell, Helen
Brothwell, Mabel
Burlingham, Joyce
Cady, Eleanor
Campbell, Louise
Campbell, Margaret
Campbell, Marguerite
Collins, Mary
Conat, Velda
Cowan, Anne
Crawford, Marguerite
Deering, Lenore
DeWolfe, Helen
Duffin, Esther
Dunkel, Zelda
Eichhorn, Eunice
Fead, Francina
Ferguson, Vera
Gallacher, Phyllis
Goddard, Ealga
Godfrey, Mary
Goschnick, Erma
Graham, Marie
Gray, Beatrice
Graziadei, Carmela
Hall, Mary
Harper, Myrtle
Kelly, Katherine
Kerr, Leela
Jefferson, Alberta
Lansdowne, Ferne
Loope, Wanda
McAllister, Marjorie
McCormick, Mary
McCowan, Gabel
McFadden, Gladys
McLeod, Mary
McManus, Elizabeth
Marone, Rose
Minor, Joyce
Morris, Marguerite
Mueller, Florence
Myers, Alberta
Myron, Joyce
Nelson, Evelyn
Nolan, Bernice
O'Rourke, Mary
Pace, Esther
Philbrick, Katherine
Phillips, Ethel
Phipps, Mary
Robbins, Bernadine
Simpson, Carol
Sims, May
Smith, Helen
Smith, Isabelle
Stanzel, Helen
Stevens, Hilda

Stevens, Marion
Stewart, Emily
Swain, Frances
Thomas, Elizabeth
Turnball, Phyllis
Whittican, Nellie
Coggins, Alta
Robbins, Margaret
Maxon, Eva
Bontrager, Ruby
Alexander, Beatrice

Freshman Boys

Allen, Nelson
Avery, Alex.
Baker, Fred
Baldwin, Ernest
Boyd, Ben
Briggs, Roy
Brown, Gavin
Carlisle, Kenneth
Church, Kenneth
Cochran, Harold
Deamud, Harold
Draper, Kenneth
Durand, George
Freiger, Frank
Gallacher, Graham
Garlick, Harry
Garner, Samuel
Germain, Aberdeen
Goodrich, Dexter
Granger, Harry
Gunder, Wallace
Hazelton, Harold
Herd, Warden
Hill, Omar
Hillock, Isaac
Hinsberger, Harvey
Hoffman, Rolland
Howard, Charles
Howard, John
Hurley, Ronald
Johnson, Thomas
Landon, Joel
Lewis, Harold
McElroy, Frederick
McIntosh, Gordon
McManus, Kenneth
Middleton, Ford
Moak, Eugene
Moffet, William
Moore, Edward
Newsted, Percy
Reeves, Alton
Robbins, Leslie
Ryan, Cady
Snow, Charles
Stevens, Floyd
Stewart, John
Strieter, Philip
Thornton, Harold
Turner, Claude
Wagner, Milton
Ward, Frank
Warren, Alfred
Watson, James

Wright, Malcolm
Young, Harry
Socha, Frank

Room A

Atkinson, Harvey
Benedict, Chester
Briggs, Clare E.
Brogan, Francis
Caulkett, Garnett D.
Cawthorne, Claude
Clemo, Clinton
Cowles, Franklin C.
Donaldson, Grant
Fenner, Harwood
Harris, Frank
Harrison, Lyal
Hawley, Clesson
Heeke, Orville
Hess, Harry C.
Inch, Charles
James, Julius
Juhl, Howard
Kefgen, Theo. Vance
McCall, Clarence
McCreight, William
MacKenzie, Kenneth
Moore, Grant
Perkins, Gwynne
Purkiss, Arthur
Rowe, Arlington
Schnackenberg, Horace
Seitovitz, Burton
Shipman, George F.
Smith, Wellman M.
Stephen, Edward
Sturmer, Frederic
Summers, Eldon
Watterworth, Mac
Wittliff, Edmund
Norton, Walter
Stover, John
Duff, Wm. R. M.
Dillon, Thomas R.
Bell, Irving
Bascow, Edna
Bedal, Helen
Beckton, Josephine
Bissett, Beatrice
Bissett, Bertha
Bragg, Helen
Brown, Helen
Byero, Grace
Cain, Veria
Cascadden, Vera
Glendenning, Gladys
Dell, Winifred
Downs, Margaret
Drope, Adassa
Elliott, Julia
Franklin, Virginia W.
Gallacher, Annie
Gibson, Pauline
Hennigar, Beulah
Hillock, Bessie
Hillock, Myrtle
Kerr, Beatrice

CLASS OF 1922---Continued

LaForrest, Georginea
MacJennett, Hilda
MacLeod, May Daisy
MacQueen, Mayme
Mason, Mabel
Maurer, Doris
Miller, Marion

Mills, Marguerite
Reynolds, Mary
Richmond, Helen
Rigney, Dorothy
Roblins, Saretta
Roberts, Pearl
Rose, Gladys

Ryan, Jeanne
Sawdon, Thelma
Smith, Isabelle
Stuart, Helen R.
May, Helen
Young, Anna

In the parlor there were three
A maid, a parlor lamp and he
Two's a company without a doubt
And so the parlor lamp went out.

X. Y. Z.

Maggie hit the fountain
And broke her tooth in half
T^was hard to understand her
And oh! to see her laugh,
She's going to the dentist
Who'll put a new one in
Soon she'll be making up the time
And all she'll do is grin.

Mrs. Naumann in French talking about the green trees helping the eyes.
Lucille King—"Well, why don't they have the walls green if they help the eyes then.

Adelyne Lymburner—"Use your head. We have the freshmen."

Ruth Sturmer—"I was so dirty after playing tennis the other night I had to use gold dust to get clean."

Harwood Fenner—"Well why didn't you use brass polish."

Miss Hayward—"If you break that key in the door your name will be mud."

Mr. Lake—"It's too deep a Lake."

H. Hungerford—"One day I went five days without eating—it was on an automobile trip. The sixth day we made soup out of the car and ate it.

A. Meno—"How could you?"

H. Hungerford—"It turned turtle."

A. Dixon (at Times-Herald office)—"I'd like to get copies of your paper for a week back."

Fresh Clerk—"Hadn't you better get a mustard plaster?"



President's Message

With the year 1919 comes the close of our four year stay in P. H. H. S. With it comes joy and sorrow; joy, because we have finished a good part of our education; sorrow because we will miss many friends and teachers for as a class we shall never return. But for ourselves it is necessary that we leave in order that we may further our education or possibly make use of the education already acquired. These joys, regrets and sorrow are all an invaluable part of our training.

We are leaving with the one object in view, the determination to uphold the honor of our dear old High.

During the past years in this school we have noticed particularly the need of a real class spirit. When a class spirit manifests itself, in a class it is a great help to that class. But there are perversions of everything and sometimes a too greatly displayed class spirit is detrimental to the class. When these over enthusiastic people get out into the world they form the egotistic and conceited class. We hope not to belong to this class, but, through a more restrained class spirit we hope to be better fit and thus better able to do our share in solving the great problems which are before us today.

Class History

The four years that we spent in High School seem a life-time, and yet in retrospection it was a part of our lifetime which we shall never forget. In 1915, when we entered, it seemed as though 1919 was an infinitely long distance away, but to-day we are fortunate enough, as it seems to us, to be living in the good year of our commencement. We came to this haven as seekers of wisdom. It seemed disappointing to us at times but nevertheless we received an education and taking this in its broadest sense we have something. In our Freshman year we did not know how to look wise and consequently we passed as "Fresh." The one social event of the year was the Senior-Freshman party. Here we became acquainted with many Seniors and enjoyed the event immensely.

After having met in our session room a few times, faces began to look friendly and familiar and we felt capable of electing officers. The following students were the popular choice! President, Russell Norris, Vice President, Gretta Roberts; Secretary, Anna Fead; Treasurer, Fred Adams; Advisors, Misses Steglich and Taylor.

The second chapter of our High School career began when we entered the school in 1916 as Sophomores. We became freer, had more parties and enjoyed ourselves more. The class was at the adolescent age and was eager to let the school know there was a sophomore class. The social qualities within us were awakening; they were being trained. These convivialities were all a part of our education and a part which shall always bring sweet reminiscences to our minds. This training is something that will stay with us and will not have to be constantly replenished in order that we may remember it. It is a memento which we shall always carry with us.

Later on we had a class meeting at which the following were elected: President, Edward Bassett; Vice-President, Helen Endlich; Secretary, Mary Schuberth, Treasurer, Russell Norris; Advisors, Miss Westbrook and Mr. Davis.

We were as sophomores still a relatively timid class for there were two grades above us yet, and having a regard for the prestige due to them we were rather in subjection. This did not dampen our spirit but only accelerated it. In the meantime however, another class of green Freshies had entered and this eased our minds. Socially the class was not asleep for we held a gay party, dancing and playing games the attractions. Many other parties and lunches were held.

The school year of 1917 was a cheerful and lively class of Juniors enrolled. During this year the number of students in our class had become noticeably reduced. We were climbing to the heights of wisdom and some fell down. There still was in the atmosphere a consciousness of "the man

higher up." The potentates' power pervaded the edifice. We were not yet Seniors, but we felt proud of being Juniors, and we felt important when the Sophomores or Freshmen would stand at the session room door looking in rather nonplused, as it seemed to us.

After things became a little settled we held a class meeting; Ross Scupholm was elected President and it was through his persistent efforts that the class forged ahead. The other officers were: Vice-President, Mary Schuberth; Secretary, Helen Barrett; Treasurer, David MacTaggart; Advisors, Misses Brown and Hughes.

During our Junior year many social events were held. We held a party for ourselves at which light refreshments were served. Some time after this we had a luncheon followed by a good time. Later on, the girls of our class honored the boys who enlisted in the Boys' Working Reserve when they gave them a party. When snow covered the ground we had a sleigh ride. Toward the end of the year we were also invited to the June Hop, Class Day and Commencement exercises. These social doings supplied a part of our education that could not be over-looked.

We were now being treated as Juniors, Future Seniors, for we gave the Seniors a party at the Masonic Temple. The Seniors enjoyed it and we gained remarkably by the experience. It was good training for us as we would occupy their shoes next year. This was all in preparation for our final year in school as Seniors.

This final year was the best of all. At last we had reached the top, we had become Seniors. In our enthusiasm to do something or get something started, we held a class meeting early in the year. It was difficult to get away from precedent, but finally we elected officers. President, Leonard Little; Vice-President, Frances Smith; Secretary, Neva Schell; Treasurer, Edith Brown; Advisors, Misses Hayward and Northrup.

Soon after elections for the "Student" were held. With Helen Barrett, Editor-in-chief; Harold Hill, Business Manager; Thomas Howard, advertising manager, a super-Student is inevitable, for these three are hard and willing workers. We had by now done nearly all the electing for the year.

Things had quite arranged themselves by now so we played the same trick on the Freshmen that had been played on us four years ago—nameiy the Freshmen-Senior party. The next social event was given in Miss Brown's honor. At the first of the year she had been chosen advisor but she now was going to Detroit, so the Seniors entertained her. Days rolled along uneventfully until we had a supper in High School.

Although this is a class history the digression gives us the necessary data by which the class had to work and by which it has to be judged. Working on Mr. Haensel's suggestion the Senior boys organized a Young Men's Council of the Chamber of Commerce. It is not a Senior organization even though it was started by Seniors. Its purpose is to help the city along

the lines that escape the interest and attention of the men. It is an addition to our city.

Toward the end of the year the Seniors were distinguished from the rest of the school, for the class had received its pins and rings. Near the end of the year also, the Juniors gave us an exquisite party enjoyed by everyone present.

We are now planning the same affairs that our predecessors did. We are intending a big final windup to our fourth year. Some may return to take a post graduate course, some may return to renew old acquaintances, but as a class we have graduated.

The great war closed during our Senior year. Soldiers are returning. We are stepping into the world as a new era opens before us. It is with great ecstasy that we should enter into this eon and become a part of it, for America needs her educated people. We see the possibility of a League of Nations insuring peace forever more. Other great problems have arisen, but they will resolve themselves.

With these hopes and opportunities before it the graduating class of 1919 steps into the great universe ready to do its best.

G. SILHAVY.

"At which end of the car shall I descend?"
He asked a conductor named Joe.
He answered with a snort:
"Take your choice, old sport,
Both ends of the car stop you know."

Of Course Not!

R. Simms—Does every thing for the humor department have to be humorous?

Bee Gray in sewing class after making many unsuccessful attempts to thread a needle. "Say Miss Stewart, haven't you any larger eyes?"

Miss Everham (hearing recitations on book reports)—"Were the conversations natural?"

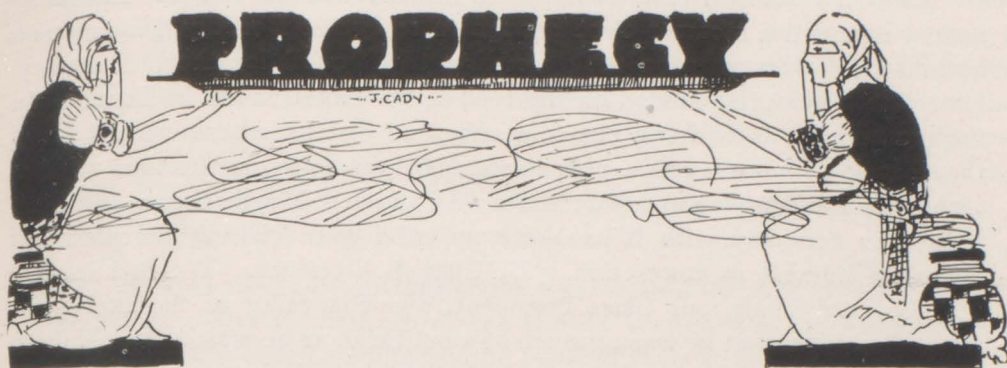
M. Warner—"Well they were all about love, war and I can't say I know much about either."

5th Hour Latin:

John Congo translating—"et pouca vestigia urbis"—and only a few footprints of the city.

Mrs. Naumann discussing Paris:

"This square is the largest in the world and by the way it is circular."



"The aeroplane's the thing." This sentence uttered by Harold Hart solved a problem that had been troubling us for many days. Back on the day of our graduation from dear old Port Huron High we had agreed that on the tenth anniversary of our graduation we would look up all our old class mates and see how fortune had treated them. So we soon purchased a large Handley-Page machine and prepared for our journey, which bid fair to be long.

As the big machine lifted itself off the ground and gathered speed for its rush through the air to New York, we discussed our plans for seeing all our old class mates and awaking in them again the spirit of those memorable days which we had spent together. It must have been that many of our old class mates were filled with the spirit of the wanderlust, for although a few like David MacTaggart and Harold Smith had settled down in Port Huron and prospered as business men, the majority were scattered over the globe from Pekin to Peru.

Our first stop was New York, which we reached in a few hours, landing on the roof of the Biltmore, which is a favorite landing place for people from the suburban districts; we left the machine and hurried cross town. As we left the subway at Times Square we came face to face with Ross Scupholm and his wife (Adelaide Dart) returning from a trip abroad. After we left them we hurried over to Mary Schuberth's tea room on Fifth Avenue. The tea room was a charming place with decorations of Japanese design. Mary informed us that Gretta Roberts was head nurse in a large New York hospital.

That evening we took dinner at the Palais Royal and were both delighted and surprised to find the leading lady was none other than Madeline McCowan. While at dinner I walked Roy Brothwell, who was connected with a firm of Wall Street brokers. Roy had just returned from Washington, where he had met Helen Endlich, Leona Little and Charlotte Cochrane, who were attending the congressional session as representatives from their respective states. Returning to our hotel late that night we met Earl Hartson, who was connected with a large New York daily, and William Ottaway, who was making himself famous in Shakespearean plays and was considered a leading actor of the 20th century.

Early the next morning we departed from New York and late that afternoon we passed a steamer close enough to recognize Dorothy Tennant and Harold Hill, who were on their wedding trip, bound for the old country. Late that evening we landed on the roof of the Hotel Savoy in London. In the morning we took a trip out to a suburban district where we had heard that Frank Crimmins was a policeman. He was away at the time and returning to London we ran across Margaret Campbell, Mayde Gigax, and Ruth Kaiser, in company with Miss Northrup, who were visiting the places of historical interest in connection with English literature. We had learned that Leonard Little, our Class President, was chancellor of the exchequer, where it seemed that he was as much of a politician as he was in the old days. Before we left we had the pleasure of meeting our old class president and he was certainly very glad to see us.

The next morning we made a call on Louis Kleinstiver, who was the London representative of the Cunard Steamship Company. From him we learned that Harry Magahay and Fred Adams were both captains on boats of that line. That afternoon we crossed the channel and made a landing at a field just outside of Paris. Taking a taxi we were soon in the midst of the gayety of that gay city.

We put up at the Continental and getting in touch with George Silhavy by phone we invited him to come and take dinner with us. At dinner, he invited us to attend the opera and hear the Smith trio, composed of Frances, Mildred and Evah Smith, who were then in Paris. He was connected with an American firm of bankers. He told us the astonishing news that Tom Howard was head of one of the French dancing academies and that with him was Earl Brotherton. The next morning while taking a stroll on one of the avenues we ran across Dan Watts. At the time we saw him he was surrounded by Lenore Hilliker, Hazel Howell and Dorothy Major, also several French grisettes who were vainly beseeching him to allow them to retain their lap dogs, but seemingly to no purpose.

The weather remaining fair we decided to continue our journey and so we left for Monte Carlo. Early in the morning we made a landing and lost no time in looking up Fred Stoudt, who was running the Autour de la Roulette, a famous gambling resort. While we were taking a stroll along "Les Terrasses" we came face to face with Arthur Davidson, opposite Suicide Cliff. He was spending his vacation in France, being connected with an English orchestra from Liverpool. Before we left we learned that some of our class mates were in Rome, so we determined to head for that place.

Early that evening we found ourselves in Rome, at the Hotel Imperial. From the clerk we learned that a party of American tourists were stopping there and upon inquiry they proved to be Bessie Magahay, Jessie Purkiss, Hope Phillips and Neva Schell. They were out-of-town so we lost no time in looking up Mary Hamlin, who was living in Rome with her husband, the American Consul. As she stated that Verna Fitzgerald and George Bradley were living in Naples, we decided to make that our next stop. On account of adverse weather conditions we were unable to land and so continued to

Athens, where we had learned that Wilbur Oliver was studying Greek archeology. We found Wilbur at the Parthenon and he invited us out to dinner. He informed us that a few days previous to our arrival Cora Schnackenberg and Leon DeLyon had left Athens, where they had been studying Greek archeology, for a Mediterranean port. While at dinner we learned that Laura Moore and Ruth Gerrie were in Athens, so we looked them up. They were at another hotel and were just returning to America from a Balkan state, where they had been stationed as missionaries.

We went next to Constantinople, the meeting place of the occident and the orient, where we had heard that Harold Waugh was the American Ambassador. We called on him and he insisted that we spend a few days with him, but this we were unable to do. From him we learned that Hazel Howell was cruising the Black Sea with her husband, the Prince of Monaco. Just before we left, word was brought to the embassy that several Americans had just arrived on the steamer from Singapore and they wished to see the ambassador. The Americans proved to be none other than Lavange Kimball and Courtney Rauser, who were on a diplomatic mission for our government.

After leaving Constantinople we had a pleasant but uneventful flight across the Mediterranean. We had planned to continue on to Cairo, where Martha Hochleitner and Nellie Randall were staying. Arriving at Cairo we were able to locate both of the girls without any trouble and we found them engaged in studying Arabic. At the time we saw them they were just returning from a long trip up the Nile. They invited us to visit the Sphinx and Pyramides, so we procured camels and proceeded out to them. Just as we were coming around a corner of the Sphinx we came face to face with Lynn Dane who, at the time we saw him, was trying hard to maintain his seat on the camel's back. We were so surprised that he was past us before we could speak and the last we saw of him he was hanging on desperately by one hand and the camel was trying his best to get rid of him. In Cairo we met an Arab sheik who informed us that an American by the name of William McCracken was running an ice cream parlor in Timbuctu, on the edge of the desert, and that he was doing quite a business with the dusky maidens. In fact it was the talk of all the Sahara.

From Cairo we went to Bombay, where Margaret Baer was last heard from. In Bombay we learned from the consul that she and Dorothy Sargeant had gone to Delhi in search of peacock feathers. We followed them there and they were certainly glad to see us, especially as we were of their own race. They expected to leave for home in a couple of years and they wanted us to stay a while, but this we could not do.

While passing over the Gobi desert in China we were forced to make a landing for repairs. Before we again took up our journey we met Wilbur Sylvester, who was on an exploring trip for the National Geographic Society. From him we learned that several of our class mates were in Pekin, so we decided to stop there. The rest of our journey was without trouble and arriving at Pekin we began at once to look up our class mates. We found

Marjorie Brown living with her husband, an American Professor of Economy. She informed us that Helen Barrett was wife of the British Ambassador. We called at the embassy but were sorry to learn that the ambassador and his wife were away on business.

The next day we left for Tokio, where we had heard that Harold Marlette was stationed with his fleet. We were fortunate enough to find the rear admiral on board his ship. He had recently seen Gertrude Gleason and Margaret Toft, who were taking a trip around the world. They said they had seen Anna Fead in company with her aunt at Manilla, who were also traveling in the far east.

After we left Tokio we headed for Honolulu where we found Mary Bradley and Helen Dunbar managing a pineapple plantation. We stayed only long enough to take in the sights, and they were many. From the girls we learned that Winifred Ferrett was a missionary in New Guinea. They had heard from her only a month previous to our arrival and at the time she expected soon to be moved.

We continued our journey to Panama, where Russell Norris was in charge of one of the canal locks. He told us that Edith Brown was living in Colon with her husband (Sam Sullivan) who was a sanitary engineer for the government. While in Panama we heard that Viola Hart and Esther Ream were in Callas, Peru, where they were representing the Standard Oil Co.

The last stopping place on our journey was San Francisco, where we had heard Marjorie Neville and Elizabeth Bennett were movie actresses. Putting up at the Palaces we soon located them at one of the studios where they were engaged with a well-known company. We had succeeded on our quest in locating all our old classmates but one when we learned from the captain of a Pacific steamer that Raymond Smith was gold prospecting up in Alaska.

As the big machine sank to its final resting place, Harold and I wondered where our class mates would be ten years from that time. In spite of the variety and interest of their careers, and the favors that Dame Fortune has lavished upon them, I think we will all agree that the best days of our lives were spent in dear old Port Huron High.

EDWARD W. JENKS '19.

HAZEL HOWELL '19.

VERNA FITZGERALD '19.

English IV:

Miss Woodward—What is the difference between a short story and a tale?

K. MacIntyre—The tale always comes at the end.

Mr. Crossley—Eugene, how did they ever discover iron ore?

E. Lewis—I heard say they smelt it.

Class Will

In view of the solemn fact that our days as seniors are numbered and that we shall soon pass out into the great beyond (otherwise known as the wild, wild world), and in order that our great achievements may not be lost to this world (otherwise known as Port Huron High School), we the senior class of 1919 of Port Huron High School do hereby and with all due solemnity draw our will, to take place immediately upon our death, and to this we do affix our seal.

1. To our teachers we do bequeath our love and confiscated notes together with any stray gum which they may have seized from our persons during our stay in this school.

2. To the school board we do leave kind words and flowers. (If you do not receive them call Ullenbruch's 476W).

3. To Mr. Hungerford we leave with pleasure all our troubles, forged excuses, and any stray rubbers found in the hall.

4. To Mr. Davis we bequeath our locker keys and the valuable clock in the senior room.

5. To Mrs. Halstead and Mr. Sweitzer we do dedicate all the dust we may leave on the floor, any stray waste paper, and the colored chalk.

6. To Miss Northrup we leave our Chaucer's, our outside reading, and our affection.

7. To the Junior class we leave our model behavior, our original ideas, and our debts.

8. To the Sophomore class we dedicate the burlesque bill board across the street, our infallible wisdom, and Anna Fead's gum.

9. To the Freshman class we bequeath our report cards, our yellow slips, our ability to bluff, and the elevators and swimming pool.

10. To Harwood Fenner—Wilber Sylvester's seat in the library.

11. To Hughie Drake—Dave MacTaggart's big feet.

13. To Miriam Hardy—Marjory Brown's height.

14. To Forrest Blackney—Irving Pollock's cat-call.

15. To John Alien—Harold Smith's prison socks.

16. To any freshman vamp—Marguerite Baer's and Hildegard Blunt's experience in "Everychild."

17. To John Ross—Esther Ream's powerful voice.

18. To Alfred Browning—Courtney Rauser's affections.

19. To Doris Maurer—Hazel Howell's rouge.
20. To Kenneth Church—Louis Kleinstiver's vocab.
21. To Clare Briggs—Raymond Smith's and Bill Ottaway's knowledge of Physics.
22. To George Dickey—Earl Brotherton's lock of hair.
23. To Elvaretta Nestell—Gertrude Gleason's vamp eyes and Verna Fits-Gerald's grin.

Signed (with red ink) in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and nineteen in the so-called office of the so-called superintendent of the Port Huron High School.

(Signed)

SENIOR CLASS OF '19

Witness: Mrs. Halstead.

Class Song

At this time of graduation,
Mid the gaities of June.
Comes the music's joyful echo,
To make our spirits all in tune.

And we're thinking o'er our school days,
Of the four years that have passed,
How we worked and toiled together,
And united formed our class.

With this eve of graduation,
Comes a parting of the ways,
And the truth must rise before us,
They are past! our High School days.

We must leave this schol forever,
And in life must take our place,
But within our minds are memories,
Scenes that time will ne'er erase.

In that wondrous hall of memory,
There are treasures without end.
There we find sweet recollections,
Of good times, old days, old friends.

As we look back in the distance,
We can see a golden web,
Reaching far, divinely woven,
Each strand made of friendship's thread.

Now before us stands the future,
Where each one will carve his life,
And with courage never failing
We shall conquer in the strife.

Some may walk in paths of glory,
Some may reach the throne of Fame,
Some may walk in paths untrodden,
Seeking happiness to gain.

So the Class of 1919,
Leaves the school to all so dear,
As the dial of time moves onward,
Marking off another year.

As we leave our friends and classmates,
For we now must say good-bye,
All remember days departed—
Happy days in Port Huron High.

—DOROTHY SARJEANT.

Mr. Crossley—What is digestion?

Lloyd Reid—Digestion is the process of uniting the foods with the
juices in the mouth.

United we stand; divided we fall
If we don't go either way, we won't go at all.

Mr. Meyers—What a fine mouth you have—it ought to be on a girl.

Mac Watterworth—I seldom miss the chance.

Umpire—"Foul!"

Freshie—"Where are the feathers?"

Umpire—"This is a picked team kid."

To be fresh is human, to be a senior is divine.

April 29, 1919.

Mr. Miller appears with lower coat button hole fastened on second button and is serenely unconscious of it. Engagements always betray the participation.

Mr. Anderson—Lawyers render service in a suit.

Isabella Specializes

The clattering of a pair of heels down the stairs and the capsizing of a stool in the hallway were followed by a vigorous slamming of the front door which set the window rattling.

"Mary," said old Doctor Norton, putting down his book and gazing at his wife over his spectacles, "it's high time that girl had some regular occupation. She's rushing about like a Dervish, and she's—how old?"

"Twenty-one tomorrow," replied his wife.

"Twenty-one!" murmured the old man, as though unable to assimilate the fact.

The doctor laid aside his volume on "Mortal Studies from Life" and went to the window. He was only half-listening to his wife as he watched the keenly alert figure of his niece steering a car recklessly through the gate. He watched until the car, going a good thirty miles an hour, disappeared over the brow of the hill. Then he returned to his chair, a puzzled smile on his long thin face, asking, "What were you saying, dear?" Then seeing her expression of annoyance, he skillfully engaged her intellect, thereby seeking to neutralize her emotions. "I think," he proposed, "that Isabella should make good in some line of art work."

"Art work! What put that into your brain?" she disgustedly asked.

Then there followed a discussion of a possible art for Isabella.

"Well, finally from Mrs. Norton, "whatever faults our wild niece may possess, she has one virtue—she manages, and manages wonderfully well on the small pocket allowance we give her each month. Really, Peter, as you say, she keeps up an excellent appearance. That is the essence of economy—political, domestic, or any other. Now at the circle——"

This was always the doctor's cue. His study of the up-lifting movements of the day was an acquired taste, acquired to keep harmony and conversation in the house since his wife had become president of the circle—then he took his cue to avoid a lecture.

"Mary!"

"Yes, Peter." She did not look up.

"Isabella is twenty-one tomorrow?"

"I said so."

"Then, Mary, our dear niece shall decide tomorrow on her life work."

"This is sudden," Mrs. Norton said turning with a startled, astonished and finally an interested look.

"My plan is this," continued the doctor, "we shall spend tomorrow with her, giving her what she calls a good time and when we get home she shall tell us her decision. I shall tell her our plans when she comes in."

"Splendid," exclaimed his wife entering into the plan eagerly. "How shall we spend the day?"

"I'm not so sure yet," drawled the old man. "Morning a drive, after-

noon a little boating, lots to eat, of course, and perhaps—perhaps, the movies in the evening.”

“The movies!” the good woman nearly shrieked. “Peter, have you taken leave of your senses?”

The doctor remained placid. “My dear,” he said, “there is a film being shown at the Rex tomorrow night, entitled ‘The Evolution of Religion.’ I am sure even you—we—should enjoy it.”

“Ah! So long as it’s something moral. Yes, Peter, I think our Isabella would enjoy it more if she were allowed to invite a friend.”

“Why, certainly, certainly. A capital suggestion,” said the old man, and the two fell into contented silence.

A half-hour later when Isabella burst into the room she was the picture of health and with her entrance she brought in the rushing air. No one would pronounce her beautiful, but she was beautiful, pleasant-looking, a radiant young creature.

“Hullo, old folks,” she greeted them, not considering that healthy men and women, even if they are sixty-five never consider themselves old. “Uncle, the car’s a beauty. Never a hitch. So much better than the old bus you had last year. I was wondering if——”

“Isabella” interrupted her uncle, “please sit down and ease your breathing you’re panting like a toy terrier.”

The girl threw a cap in one direction, her gloves in another and settled herself comfortably in a big arm chair, prepared to enjoy the lecture that was bound to follow, to its utmost. Then she patiently heard her uncle’s plans for the morrow, the only sign of emotion being a humorous twitching of her half shut left eye when she fully appreciated her uncle’s idea of a “good time.” She brightened up considerably when her aunt suggested she might bring a friend. When her uncle mentioned the picture show, Isabella realized what the old folks were undergoing to make her enjoy the day. She jumped down, hugged them both, and then asked, “What on, uncle?”

“It’s ‘The Evolution of Religion’ at the Rex, Isabella.”

This took her much by surprise but she rapidly gained control of herself, thanked them and skipped out of the room.

The next day when Isabella’s young friend called in a car, it turned out to be Mr. Geoffrey Long, whom she had met at golf and who had kindly consented to be her companion for the day.

The day went quickly and smoothly. It was agreeably spent by both young and old and at last as they went from the boat house after dark towards the city, Isabella, seated by Geoffrey who was driving, leaned across:

“Now for the ordeal—Geoff, don’t forget the chocolates, or I’ll die. What a picture show!”

Geoff laughed, “Perhaps it won’t be so bad after all. Anyway we’ve had a great time so far.”

Then the time for the show. Geoffrey, obeying orders, had armed himself with chocolates. The party moved rapidly down to the front seats.

Aunt Mary glanced nervously left and right, with a delusion that people were nudging each other and pointing her out as president of the circle. She blushed as she took her seat. The old man on the other hand appeared to be plainly enjoying himself. Isabella and Geoffrey resigned, were hastily emptying one box of chocolates.

Presently a slide was thrown on the screen and in a scrawling hand it was announced to the house that the "Evolution of Religion" had been lost in transit. Money would be returned to those leaving now. Another film would be offered, "Cupid in the Car" featuring Dot Crawford and Harry Henton. Aunt Mary became very uneasy and uncle looked at Isabella expecting to see happiness on her countenance. To his surprise Isabella rose to leave, accompanied by her aunt and Geoffrey.

"Come uncle, auntie won't enjoy this and we don't want to spoil her day. Let's go home and finish up."

The old man displeased, lagged behind. Halfway up the hall the operator changed the slide that caused the audience to applaud. Turning he looked at the screen, then collapsed in a vacant seat and stared. There above the name of Dot Crawford was a close up of his niece. A parting blow to the old doctor, the famous film-star, Harry Henton appeared in like manner—a splendid portrait of their companion of the day.

He found the rest outside and called to Isabella.

"Isabella," he said, "this time was appointed for your choice of a profession. That I suppose is unnecessary—I see you have already specialized."

"You saw?" faltered Isabella.

"Yes, I saw and approved. Perhaps your aunt will not. But is there any reason she should know, it would only worry her. Shall we say you are only studying art?"

"Uncle, dear," she said, "it was my first real play. I never thought it would be put on the screen——"

"Well, dear——?"

"Geoff says it will be my last."

"Your last!" he exclaimed. "Well, my child you are choosing the best calling, the best vocation in which to specialize. Now I can tell your auntie."

MAYDE GIGAX.

L. Little at class meeting having just completed appointing committees for class banquet and class day exercises:

T. Jenks—"I move we have a banquet."

David MacTaggart in History VIII:

"Lincoln educated himself on a shovel before the fire. When the shovel was full he scraped it off and began over again."

Hazel Heck discussing nationality:

"Well, my grandfather was German but—he's dead."

Since the Beginning of the World

In a western town lived a beautiful girl with the usual big brown eyes, curly hair, wonderful complexion, red lips, and beautiful form, and her name—of course her name was Girl.

In an eastern town lived the usual hero of any story, a big masculine type of boy with a dinky mustache or "misplaced eyebrow" as it is familiarly called by the antagonistic High School girl.

Of course Girl's father and mother died and left her penniless, and Girl went to that big commercial city of New York to try her fortune, and as would be expected her beauty, romantically friendless, pathetic in tattered raiment, appealed as strongly to the "royal heart" as to the ebony major domo of the white tiled temple of lather and massage, where Girl obtained a position as manicure of the perfumed males who must have beautiful nails before they dared take their sweethearts in their arms.

In the mean time a red hot discussion had ensued between Boy and his rich father as to the rights of Boy causing that worthy head of the family to disown Boy, giving him just money enough to take him to "The City of Life." Arriving there conditions did not seem to Boy's liking but he finally located a position as a clerk in an architect's office.

One day as he was returning home from a very trying day in the office he looked, by accident of course, into the liquid orbs of Beautiful Girl. Next minute he was in the white tiled shop. Boy looked at Girl a minute, hesitated a second, sat down, held out one muscular paw and smiled. That was the beginning.

After that Boy saw Girl every day if only for a few minutes, and day by day Girl felt herself falling more and more in love with Boy. She knew Boy loved her!

Then one night Boy told Girl the story of his life and that since his father found he could work and that he made good, he wanted him to come home and to go into partnership with him. Eventually Boy told Girl he couldn't and wouldn't go back without her, and Girl was so happy she cried on Boy's shoulder, then she remembered with a start, that she was poor and Boy was rich, so she told Boy she couldn't marry him. Of course Boy wouldn't listen to her and murmuring love words into her ear they melted into each others arms.

* * *

Jimmy sat up with a start as the "Movie" lights were flashed on and turning he looked at the awkward, freckled face girl at his side, 12 years old today, then he sighed and said, "Gee, Nancy! Ain't love wonderful?"

Nancy got red and stammered, "My—yes—ain't it just grand!"

Nerved by her words, Jim turned to her again and said, "Gosh, Nancy, let's me and you, when me grow up, get married to each other."

And—they—did.

They always—Marry the Girl.

KATHARINE MacINTYRE '21.

Irony of Fate

The sun shone down upon a beautiful world, clean from the recent showers, the trees and bushes all in bud, and the forest blossoms of the early Spring flowers. It was in Spring of 1915, just two years before America's entrance into the World War, the people of this New England town think not for a minute that they would ever become a part of this terrible catastrophe.

Little more did the Stanley's, who were gathered in the library of their spacious home, think so. From the atmosphere within, however, one would sense that a tragedy was being enacted. The blinds were drawn, as if to keep out the bright world, the only light coming from a reading lamp and a dying fire on the hearth. Seated by the fireplace, in what from a distance, seemed to be an upholstered chair, but on closer inspection proved to be a wheel chair, was James Stanley, the oldest of the Stanley orphans, and, on account of the difference between their ages, the father of the other two. He was a cripple from a recent accident, and the shock that he would never walk again had greatly aged him. His face was white and drawn from his great suffering, and his hair was prematurely grey about the temples. Over his knees was thrown a lap robe which as he talked he nervously twisted and knotted in his emaciated hands. "But Bob," he cried, "think what you're saying. If you thought this out, you would never have asked such a foolish and utterly impossible thing."

Bob Stanley, the one addressed, was a tall, well knit fellow, with a frank open face, brown eyes that looked at you unwaveringly, and a chin that depicted strong determination. As he paced back and forth he spoke jerkily. "No, Jim, I've thought it all out. Last summer, when we were at camp, a surveyor's outfit passed. One of their men hurt his foot and he stopped a while with us, so when he was better, I went with them on one of their trips. Honestly, Jim, I never saw anything I liked better or was more interested in. Why, it was great!" "Yes, and it's all he's talked of since," spoke Betty Stanley from the davenport, on the opposite of the fireplace. She was the third and last member of the family. Like her brother, Bob, she was of an athletic build. She was his constant companion during the time they were home from school and she, of course, championed his every cause.

"Surely Betty," Jim spoke again, "surely you'll see how impossible it would be for a Stanley to become anything but a lawyer. Why the Stanley law fame has existed for five generations, and it isn't going to become extinct now, if I can help it." As he finished the muscles of his chin could be seen to stiffen, a chin much like Bob's, which, in fact, was a family characteristic.

"No, Jim," she replied, "It isn't impossible. Nothing is nowadays. If it were just a notion Bob had, it would be different, but he's wanted to be

an engineer ever since he was a youngster. When we're on hikes or canoe trips he's always visualizing and sketching places under other conditions. No, Jim, I think he ought to be an engineer. Why you know he's a positive genius at drawing."

Jim sat tensely in his chair, saying nothing, but with set features, slowly shaking his head back and forth, until Bob broke in impatiently. "Jim, I've never told you before, but old Higgins out at school told me that my fort lay in a civil engineering course. He said that he considered I did unusual work, and it would be a mistake to take any other course. That means something from him, and you know it. Why Bud," he stopped before his brother's chair, "it's like Betty's voice. With the talent she has you'd never think of not giving her every advantage. If it hadn't been for the war, she'd be in Europe now, studying with the masters, and if you did not make every effort you'd think it criminal. Well, that's the way with my drawing. I have a gift, and I don't ask for anything more than to be allowed to take an engineering course."

For a few minutes after this futile appeal, there was a dead silence in the room, which Jim, with the same expression and beads of perspiration on his brow, finally broke in a voice that could be barely heard. "No, Bob, it's unthinkable. Since this happened," he pointed to his useless legs under the robe, "I have comforted myself that it would be but a short time before you would take hold. With this thought uppermost I have held on. If I should sanction your taking up anything but law, I would feel that I'd be violating a sacred trust of my father and also my forefather. So if you take this course, you shall have to do it with no help from me. You will have your allowance for spending money and the house shall be open to you at all times. That is all." He sank back in his chair absolutely exhausted.

Bob, a deadly white, had recoiled from this speech as from a blow, but now in a husky voice, disregarding the cry of Betty, replied, "All right. It shall be as you say. I'll be leaving today with that surveyor's gang to earn some money for next fall.

* * *

It was in April two years later, a week after that memorable day when the President declared war. Of the many students who were Boston "Tech" to enter training camps, none was leaving with better wishes for the future or general sorrowing at his departure by professors and students alike than one young sophomore, Bob Stanley. Always he had stood among the best in his classes and always foremost in athletics and now, although he had enlisted as a private, the professors had urged and almost begged him to enter an officer's training camp. But he as usual had remained firm in his purpose and only replied, "No, it would take too long and as it is, I'm afraid the other fellows will finish it up before I get a chance at the Huns."

Back in the old home the news had not been unwelcome. Jim, the happiest he had been in some time, had exclaimed, "Well, there's some Stanley in line after all!" And he had watched Betty making a service flag and had even stood on his crutches when she hung it in the window.

Bob had written that there would be a furlough soon, and he would be up to see them all. There had been but two visits home since that eventful day, and to each one it had been such a strained time, that all were relieved at the end. But on this occasion all prepared to have a glorious time, and banish everything past and live in the present. However, a telegram brought abruptly to an end these preparations for after three months intensive training, all furloughs were forbidden and sailing orders awaited.

* * *

Again two years had passed, again it is spring, and again the scene is the Stanley library. But such a different library! The blinds are raised high to let the sunshine in, there are flowers everywhere, and a fire is sparkling on the hearth to keep the nip out of the air. As before, James Stanley is seated in the wheel chair, but such a different James! Although his face is thinner and more lined, and his hair much grayer, his eyes are filled with joy, and his face has regained much of its former boyishness. From time to time he glanced at his watch, and like a child with a new toy, he would take a leather case off the table, and handle it most lovingly. "Do you think he'll like it, Betty?" he asked wistfully of Betty, who was flitting here and there.

"Why, he couldn't help but like it," she replied. "He always wanted one but could never afford it, but he'll appreciate it more than ever to think you got it yourself." For Jim who had left his chair had gone down town himself to buy the best he could find as a peace offering to Bob who was coming home today after many months in a hospital with gunshot wounds, the nature of which his family did not know. Betty had given up going to meet him as she knew how keen the disappointment had been when the doctor forbade Jim to go, and had sent instead the car. "Sing for me, Betty," Jim asked, so Betty sat down at the piano which had been brought up from the music room for Jim's sake and sang to him his favorite songs, while he leaned back in his chair. This was the scene when Bob, battle worn and with his right arm much bandaged in a sling, came home.

Some hours later after the first greetings were over and a few experiences related, Jim handed to Bob the case which had lain beside him for a time forgotten. Bob took it wonderingly and clumsily opened it with his left hand, and seemed to be quite overcome by what he saw. "Why Jim," he spoke in an awed voice. "Why Jim, these are the most wonderful drawing instruments I ever saw. I never expected to own any like them and I shall always keep them, but—" here he paused, but with tears streaming down his face, continued, "I ought not to tell you now, but blood poisoning set in, and my hand had to be amputated at the wrist. I can write all right with my left hand, but I could never learn to draw, and anyway I think law was the only thing meant for me after all."

FRANCES SMITH.

Dreaming

It was a cold rainy night in April. The street lamps glimmered faintly through the fine, drizzling rain that had been falling all day long. Water dripped from the bare limbs of the trees and ran deep in the gutters. A few late pedestrians hurried homeward under such protection as umbrellas and raincoats could afford. Most of the homes that had been so brilliantly lighted earlier in the evening were now dark, for it was half-after eleven; but a dim light shone from the study window of the big, old fashioned, house on the corner of Cleveland and Washington Avenues. It was built of red brick after the old Colonial style of architecture and was set in a large lawn dotted with huge, century-old, oak trees. A fit setting for such a home.

Inside the study all was light, and warmth, and comfort. Rich tapestries covered the walls from which hung pictures that would be priceless to any museum. Rich Turkish rugs covered the floor and a Persian kitten lay dozing on the hearth. Margaret Meredith, the famous authoress, was writing the last chapter of her new book, "Mrs. Blair, Mill Boss!" The pen sputtered and scratched as she wrote the word, "Finis!" and then threw it down with a sigh of relief.

"There, I'm glad that's done," she said.

"So am I. But I don't like it," a strange voice replied.

Margaret looked up in surprise. A tall rather pleasant and strong-looking woman was sitting in a chair by the fire-place. Her clothes were ill-fitting and plain, but there was an air of distinction about her. The look of one who does things and is used to commanding.

"What is it you don't like?" inquired the authoress, "and who are you, anyway? I didn't see you come in."

"It's the book I don't like of course," the woman answered, "and you ought to know me. You made me. I'm Mrs. Blair, Mill-boss, and of course I couldn't come in until you had finished the book, could I?"

"Well, I can't help it if you don't like the book," the authoress said. "How would you have me change it?"

"O, the book's all right, I guess," said Mrs. Blair grudgingly. "But it's myself I don't like. You've made me a perfect fright. How would you like to be called a Mill-boss, and dress and act the way you've made me act? And I'm the leading character, too. You haven't given me any credit for common sense at all. You made me spoil my own boy, you wouldn't let me raise him the way I wanted to. You haven't made me good looking, but you have made me look like a money-grabber. I haven't a bit of tact and all you did let me do was run a steel-mill. It's your fault, every bit. And—"

"For goodness sake, stop!" cried the authoress. "I wouldn't have a book at all if I changed all that, and you know the public must be amused."

"Well, they can be amused at something else, then," Mrs. Blair re-

torted. "But you've got to change me. I can't go before the public like this."

"I can't and I won't!" cried Margaret angrily, "and I wish you'd go. I didn't ask you to come. I want to wrap this up for the publishers and go to bed."

"Now see here, Miss," said Mrs. Blair, as she picked up the poker and started towards Margaret. "I'm used to getting what I go after and I don't feel like any trifling tonight; and if you don't change that——!"

"Margaret! Margaret!" a voice was calling. "Are you never coming to bed?"

"Yes, I'll come in a second, mother," the authoress replied waking with a start.

"Just as soon as I wrap up this book for the publishers."

Later as she wearily climbed upstairs to bed, "I'm sorry for Mrs. Blair," she thought. "But I couldn't possibly change her. It would spoil my book, and anyway I only dreamed about her. Yes, mother, I'm coming."

A few minutes later the last light along the street was out and the rain was falling, falling, falling, falling——.

GEORGE McINNIS.

"This I Beheld, or Dreamed as in a Dream"

A crowd of Freshman stood without the High School door and clamored for admittance; insomuch that Mr. Schweitzer, the most important personage in this penal establishment (he being the High and Mighty Grand Master of our heating and ventilating systems, neither of which have ever been known to work) was constrained to let them in. They explained that they had come to look over the establishment with the view in mind, of applying for admittance. After gravely advising them never to blast their verdant young lives by taking such a foolhardy step, and warning them of the terrible penances which would fall upon them after their admittance to this House of Correction, he consented to show them about the building.

The first room they visited was Miss Ross's sewing room where sat a larger number of young and innocent girls who seemed to be trying to make a piece of thread pursue a needle through a tiny hole in a square of cloth. These girls said that they were able to puncture the cloth with the needle at least twice out of ten jabs, the remaining eight jabs finding lodgement in their fingers. Because of the resulting soreness these girls could never again play the piano. Then they proceeded to the manual training room of which Mr. Lake is the Head Manager. Here a number of boys were busily carving wooden heads to replace the ones the pupils get knocked off during recitations. As this grewsome sight was too much for the girls of the party, they hurried on to Mr. Crossley's special domain, the chemistry

room. Here, before entering, the party was compelled to put on gas masks. At one end of the room a girl was wildly saying something about $H72^{\circ}F34K-370+48^2 \times 63^9 PQ+R$. The party thought that she had gone crazy from overwork, but Mr. Crossley said that it was merely a formula for an experiment that she was making. One of the inmates of this room told them that the class was working on a chemical, which when dropped in a bottle of ink on the guards' or teachers' desk would blow up the building. (Would recommend that the said explosive be put in the ink-bottle during a teachers' meeting.)

After removing the gas masks the party went upstairs. They stood for some-time looking at Mr. Davis's office but did not dare to go nearer than within twelve feet of it. They shook hands with Mrs. Crane, who tries by means of Geometry to teach the milder cases of lunacy in this asylum how to reason; and saw Mr. Anderson, the Commercial Teacher, who because he once passed a severe test on How to Juggle Figures, was put in charge of this department. They also saw Miss Hovey, a lucky guard who is leaving this institution for the milder clime of California, and Miss Everham, who directs the girls' athletics. ("Nuff said about that.") They stared awfully at Mr. Hungerford, for he is a very great man in this institution. These last three rooms are on the second floor and it was here that they found a large square hole guarded by a railing. In answer to their inquiries their guide said that this was called the well, and that since he had been running the High School he personally knew of seven pupils who upon receipt of a jo-jo had climbed over the railing and hung themselves with their shoe-laces. He said that two others had leaped to their death and that one girl had tried to drown herself in the drinking fountain, but a guard accidentally turned off the water and it wasn't a success. After visiting other rooms, especially the Session Rooms where the inmates are compelled to rack their brains for hours at a time and then have to stay eighth hour anyway, the party reached the Auditorium; where mass-meetings are held. So called because the inmates are massed in something like sardines in a tin. As they stood peering into this room a bell rang loudly, instantly the doors were hurled open, and a chattering crowd swept through them and down the hall. Simultaneously all the other rooms poured forth their inmates. This general shake-up occupied about three minutes, and when the bruised and battered Freshman had assembled once more they were told that this was merely the prisoners changing cells. As they were a little frightened by this last experience the party prepared to go. Mr. Schweitzer escorted them to the door and again advised against entering this House of Correction. But before they left they asked him the meaning of several words and phrases which they had caught from the crowds, that suddenly filled the halls, and these are the questions and answers. Eight Hour. An extra forty-five minutes of penal servitude. Jo-Jo. Something that gives you a bad hour with your folks. Mass-meeting 45 minutes of standing on one leg because there is no room to put your other foot on the floor plus a speaker who doesn't know when to stop. Assembly: a place where you step on everyone else's toes and give 10c to help the Student. Student. Best maga-

zine in the state. Cadet Corp. The original box of tin soldiers. Balling Out. A present from your teacher (about two per day.) Office: ??? !?!*— —*

Debating Club. It does everything but debate.

House of Representatives. It does everything but represent.

Faculty. The prison guards.

Pupils. The inmates of this penal institution. Now that these questions have been satisfactorily answered, the Freshmen presented Mr. Schweitzer with their thanks and a stick of gum in return for his kindness, and then went their way to their respective homes, thinking sadly of the fate in store for them.

And all this I beheld or dreamed as in a dream."

Now if you readers don't like my verse,*

Please don't try to make it worse.

For I took the pills.

And dad paid the bills.

And the undertaker got the hearse.†

*Poets license. Should be prose but I couldn't dance enough to make it rhyme.

†It was absolutely necessary after I had finished this.

Writers Note: Would like to inform the Faculty's hanging party and the Tin Soldier's tar and feather party that they may call on me Tuesday night, but by that time I shall be on my way to Patagonia or Venezuela. If I must come to a sudden end I should prefer the Revolutionary shooting squads of these countries.

GEORGE McINNIS.

M. Cowan—Mr. Biddlecomb, remember I don't want a very large picture.
Mr. Biddlecomb—All right, close your mouth.

See a dog twisting himself around trying to catch his tail a freshman asked:

"What sort of a dog is that?

Soph.—"Why, a watch dog."

Fresh.—"Oh! I suppose he's winding himself up."

Bee Gray—I see that you are effecting men's military style of hair dress.

M. Browne—What is it?

Bee Gray—Bangs.

Nan Marsden—I would like to see any man try to kiss me.

M. Locke—No doubt you would.

Harold Smith is so afraid of war that he uses a whisk broom instead of a military brush.

A SERENADE!

1.

"Bend from thy lattice, O lady bright,
The earth lies calm in the fair moonlight.
Gaze on the gleam of back-glancing star
And list to the notes of my soft guitar."
At the lady's window a vision shown
'Twas the lady's head with a night-cap on.

2.

Ah! See! At the window appearing now,
With lily white fingers she hides her brow.
Oh weep not, tho bitter thy sorrows are
I'll soothe them to rest with my soft guitar."
And the lady answered, "Who's going to weep?
Go 'way with your fiddle and let me sleep."

3.

"Then sleep, fair one, thy fringed lids close,
Visions of cherubim guard thy repose.
While through the casement, slightly ajar,
Shall steal the notes of my soft guitar,"
And the lady answered, "You stupid thing,
If you've got the catarrh stop trying to sing."

4.

"Stop! fair one. Thy scorn restrain,
Better death's quiet than thy disdain,
I go to fall in some distant war
Bearing in battle my loved guitar."
And the lady replied, "Well, hurry and go
I'm holding the wash basin ready to throw."

5.

"I go, cruel one, but 'ere 'tis too late
I will give to you a forecast of fate.
A spectral vision thy joy shall mar,
A skeleton playing a soft guitar."
She said, "If you feel that you must roam
Old skeleton, go it and go it alone!"

6.

The lover in anguish wandered afar,
Fell down in a stupor and smashed his guitar.
The lady, when told of his sorrowful plight,
Said, "I'm sure it's too bad but it serves him right.
Children, the moral of the story above,
Is whatever you do now, don't fall in love."

—HARRY ROSS.



Caesar Feeds The Pap



A Lemon Tree



Innocent



?



Ajos' salute



Prize Fighters



Sharks



Shackles' Paradise



Hercules II



Gracful squad



Gang

A Dark Ending

We all have been on dreadfully crowded street cars, so crowded in fact that it did not seem possible that there was room enough for another passenger. And we never find it to fail but that when we have our arms filled with bundles, then is the very time we catch a crowded street car. When we board the car all we are able to see is a great mass of humanity, hands, legs, and heads seem to be the most visible things, and bundles getting in everyone's way very often stray to the other end of the car. Then the conductor's cheerful, "Move forward, please," and everyone falling over each other in the attempt to get hold of a strap, all go to make up a crowded street car.

Well, Rodney and his eighteen year old twin sister, boarded one of these street cars with their arms filled with bundles of every description. Rodney Burton was a handsome looking young man being the same age as his sister and such a tease. Clarissa regarded him as a nuisance because it seemed to her as though he just put in his time finding new ways in which to torment her.

After paying their fare Rodney looked around to see if he knew anyone in the street car, but being in an unfamiliar crowd sought to divert his attention to the passing scenery. Rodney, "moving forward" after the conductor's familiar song, and muttering to himself that he wished that conductor would let up, stepped on something hard. Looking down he beheld a pocketbook! For goodness sake! If it wasn't his very own sister's pocketbook. Thinking what a good joke it would be on Clarissa, his sister, he picked it up and thrust it into his pocket. In the crowd he had strayed a short way from her so she did not notice this incident.

Clarissa always bragged about the good care she took of her things. You bet, she never lost her pocketbook and took especially good care of it in a crowd. Here is where he would have one on Clarissa for once in her life.

Arriving home and walking into the drawing room, they both dropped their parcels on the table. Clarissa, commenting on the high cost of silk stockings, declared it took all her money for these things alone, and drawing out her pocketbook, which was very small, from her coat pocket, calmly sat down to count her money.

Rodney turned white. How on earth did Clarissa have her pocketbook when he had it. He dashed to his room. The Police! Those two words were the only words in his vocabulary at that time. What if some one noticed him pick it up on the car! Maybe someone knew who he was and had immediately telephoned the police!

The door bell rang. Rodney knew it was the police. He was positive. With the sweat standing on his brow he listened intently to every word in the hall below. Yes, this was Burton's. Yes, this was where Mr. Rodney

Burton lived. Someone was coming up the stairs. A rap came to the door. Rodney trembling so he could hardly stand, opened the door to face the waiting policeman, to give himself up, when lo, the heavens had changed the policeman into a maid with a large box in her hand. "Your suit, Mr. Rodney." Rodney shut the door and mopped his brow. What a relief! Calming himself somewhat he decided to make his way to a newspaper office and have an ad put in the paper which read like this: "Found on an East Genesee car a small black leather pocketbook, with strap on the back. Sum of money in it. Owner may have same by calling W.1233 R."

The next few days found Rodney fidgety, cross and altogether a disagreeable person to have around. He must not tell a word of this to Clarissa for, of course, she would only give him a sermon and say that she knew he would get himself into trouble some day. So Rodney kept quiet.

One evening nearly a week after he had put the ad in the paper, a telephone call came for Rodney, at least Rodney knew it was for him. A lady's voice was on the other end of the wire. Miss Beth Norman she said her name was. She presumed she was speaking to the person who had put the ad in the paper? (Reading the ad to him concerning the pocketbook). Yes, he was the one and would she please describe the one she had lost. She described the purse perfectly that Rodney had in his possession. If it would be convenient he would meet her at two o'clock the next afternoon at a certain hotel. Yes, that would be convenient and she would be at this hotel at the appointed time. Rodney hung up the receiver humming a popular tune, for Rodney was a very romantic young fellow and he was certain that, that sweet voice could belong to no other than a sweet looking girl, with blue eyes, fair hair, pearly white teeth and everything that accompanies a girl of that type.

The police was the last thing Rodney thought of now. At the appointed time the next afternoon Rodney was at the hotel, in fact, he had been there fifteen minutes before the appointed time and it was fifteen minutes after now, and he was still waiting. But no little girl with blue eyes and fair hair appeared on the scene. Rodney, looking down the street beheld—but no, surely not, yes, it was—Clarissa. Horror of horrors! Oh! if she would only go by without noticing him, it would be all right. He tried to avoid her by diverting his attention to something else. So he drew out the sole object of his thoughts for a week, and stood with it in his hand.

He was suddenly startled by a mammoth darkey woman, throwing her arms around his neck and exclaiming: "Laws, sake, honey chile, I could just kiss you'se for bringing me my purse. It's done got my week's pay in it, an' I sure would a bin a poor lady if you'se hadn't done brought it ta me. You know, I was goin' ta be awful cross like wid' you'se, thinkin' you'se wanted ta be mean but my mistris tole me you din't mean nothin' so I won't say a word, not a word, only I warns you, honey chile, be careful." The darkey then took herself off. Recognizing her purse in Rodney's hand she had made

a dive for it. On questioning her Rodney found out that her mistress had talked over the telephone for her.

Clarissa coming up in time to see the loving scene, could not speak for laughing. Of course, Rodney had to explain it all to her and received this reply from her: "I've warned you, honey chile, to be careful."

So this mammoth darkey was the little blue eyed idol of his dreams. Never again! Rodney made his way home, his air castles having suddenly smashed to the ground.

—WINIFRED POWELL.

A SENIOR'S SOLILOQUY

To flunk or not to flunk, that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The D's and E's of outrageous teachers
Or to take oath against a heap of lessons,
And by studying get them. To fail; to flunk
No more; and by failing to say we start
The heart ache and the thousand human darts
That failure is heir to, 'tis a sorry end
That no one longs for. To fail, to flunk;
To flunk; perhaps to lose; ay, there's the thought;
For in that act of failing a loss must come,
When we have ignored teachers' help,
And make us think; there's the tho't,
That makes failing a help to some;
For who would bear the D's and E's of cards
The advisors remarks, the bright one's scorn,
The shame of red marks, the laws of school,
The parent's anger, and the spurns
That an upper classman of a lower takes
When he himself might his card improve
With a little more work? Who would books bear
To grunt and sweat under a heavy load
But that the dread of returning to room J,
The Class of 1920 into whose midst
No failure is welcome, hurts the pride,
And makes us work harder to win
Rather than return to J against our will?
Thus pride does make graduates of us all,
And thus the first tho't of failing
Is covered o'er with the first tho't of pride,
And failures of red E's and lower
with this regard their current turn awry
And hurry forth to A's.

—WINNIFRED FERRETT.

A Fable

Once upon a time, Nahpoot Singe, a certain rich merchant of India, was troubled with a sickness; and the sickness was of the lungs. Even the White Death it was, which causeth a man to rack and cough, and finally to die. And Nahpoot Singe was a wise man, and so he made a journey even into the shrine of Buddha, at Pottjau, in order that he might make sacrifices and prayers unto the God. Nor did he go as a rich and mighty man, but as a poor laborer, clad in rags, barefoot, and with the dust of the road grey upon his head, went he. And as he journeyed thither, it so happened that the brazen sun beat down mightily upon his head. And he was struck by the heat, and because of it he was taken with a sudden craziness, and fell in the dust of the road, and knew nought of this world or its happenings.

As he lay there it seemed unto him that his soul left his body and traveled by the one Way even unto Paradise. And Ayrael opened the Beautiful Gates and led the Soul into Paradise, even before Buddha. And as he stood before Buddha, up rushed a great number of Beings. And some were fair and beautiful to look upon, and they were clad in silks covered with jewels, and they shone like the sun. But part were ugly and unpleasant to see, and they were dirty and clad in rags covered with soot, and they were as black as night. And the Shining Ones smiled at the shivering Soul; but the Black Ones sneered.

Then spoke Buddha, "Thou seest these Beings?"

And bowing low the Soul responded, "Thou knowest it, O Buddha."

And Buddha said, "These are the Opportunities for good and bad that thou hast had and taken during thy lifetime. O Nahpoot Singe. By them I judge thee. The Shining Ones are the good Opportunities thou hast taken, and the Black Ones are the bad. If there are more of the Shining Ones than there are Black Ones, then shalt thou live in Paradise forever. But if there are more Black Ones, then thou be cast into the Outer Darkness where the Young Worlds whirl and play. Even unto the belt of the Dark Star, Karnic, shalt thou go."

And once more the Soul bowed low and said, "As thou sayest so shall it be done. O great god of a mighty race."

Then Buddha counted, and of the Shining Ones there were four hundred and fourscore and ten. And of the Black Ones there were an equal number.

Then spoke Buddha, "Of the Black Ones and of the Shining Ones thou hast an equal number. Therefore I may not keep you in Paradise, yet neither may I send you to the Belt of Outer Darkness, and so thou shalt go back to the Earth from whence you came. Yet because thou came here

through no fault of thine own, so shalt thou have the wish nearest thine heart granted thee."

Then answered the Soul, "The Hour's of Paradise are fair and fain would I stay in their company. Yet since this may not be so will I ask my boon. Power is great and so is wealth, but greater still is woman's love. Yet if thou hast the White Death thou mayest not live to enjoy these. So take the White Plague from me, O Buddha, so that I may live long and well."

And Buddha said, "As thou sayest so shall it be."

Then they pushed the Soul from out the Beautiful States, and Ayrael carried it down the Path and thrust it back into the Clay from whence it came.

And the merchant awoke, and behold he lay in a jut by the roadside, and a man was ministering unto him. And the merchant arose and was mightily reforced at finding his sickness was gone from him. And he told the man all his dream and the man marveled greatly. And after thanking the man for his kindness unto him, the merchant girded his clothes about him and went his way unto Pootface, and there he made prayers and sacrifices and gave much thanks unto Buddha. And after this was done he made his way homeward thinking deeply upon his dream and upon all of his experiences.

Moral: Add to your Bright and Shining Opportunities and let the Black Ones go, for the Shining Ones will get you somewhere.

GEORGE McINNIS.

AN "IF" FOR STUDENTS

If you can't study when all about you are flying notes,
Or push a pen while being blamed for them.
If you can ride a pony through a test,
Or work a bluff and get "D" at best."

If you can shoot a paper-wad and hit your target true,
Or pass a note without the teacher catching you,
If you can figure how to get a "B,"
When all your feeble mind can grasp is just an "E."

If you can date with girls and yet not feel a teachers' touch,
Or go to shows and things which don't amount to much,
If you can do these things or more
You'll never get a credit in one year or four.

—FREDERICK STURMER.

How One Pie Served

Grant Ridgely had just graduated from college and, feeling that he was very old and responsible, was visiting once more the place where he had spent so many happy vacations as a boy.

He stood in front of the house, his hand on the partially opened gate. It was a large, white old fashioned house with a low, vine covered veranda. Above the drowsy drone of the bees he could hear the occasional rattle of a pan and then the mellow voice of a woman. The words of the song he could not distinguish.

Grant pushed open the gate, ascended the low steps at a bound, and rang the bell. The door was opened by a stout, kindly looking woman, who greeted him warmly. In answer to her query, he replied that he had walked from the station and that the station agent would take care of his luggage. As he stood in the hall, a querulous voice exclaimed, "Land sakes Mis' Hopkins, I done believe dat rascal Pat hab stole a pie." Miss Hopkins hastily excused herself and Grant sauntered out, grinning to himself and idly wondering at the audacity of Pat. Probably some neighbor's boy, who did chores for Aunt Sally Hopkins as his good friend was known in the village. Unconsciously he turned in the direction of the orchard. With his head down and his hands in his pockets, he walked along dreaming and seeing visions of his glorious future.

"Crunch," he stood still and looked down to see that he was standing squarely upon a pie.

"Say, you—you," shrilled a voice above his head. He looked up and saw the angry face of a boy, who was hanging onto a branch of a tree near him. The boy had on a large broad-brimmed hat that covered his head completely, showing only a small face with large blue eyes.

Grant chuckled, so this was "that rascal Pat." "That rascal Pat" literally gasped in anger when he saw the grin on Grant's face broaden.

"You, you," he gasped incoherently. Fiercely he pulled an apple from the pocket of his capacious overalls and hurled it at Grant. Ridgely dodged it and made a grab at the already fleeing figure. With difficulty he regained his dignity, he did so want to chase that impudent boy and box his ears soundly. He tugged gloomily at his tie and then brightened. Why it was noon time and he remembered the good dinners Aunt Sally generally had.

He stood at the window drumming on the sill. What was Aunt Sally waiting for? He was not long in finding out. Aunt Sally spoke, "Pat, come here, I would like to have you meet Mr. Ridgely

Grant turned quickly—and saw a slim, small faced boy?—he gasped and stared—a slim girl stood before him, her blue eyes sparkling with amuse-

ment, her small face mocking his embarrassment. Dimly he heard Aunt Sally say, "Grant, my niece, Patricia Wentworth."

Grant stayed during the summer months. A position in the city had been offered him and he had accepted.

The night before he left, they stood on the veranda. A small face was lifted to his and—no one knows but the moon and no one but the moon knows what happened—because it peeked in through the vine on the porch.

MILLICENT WEBSTER '20.

SENIORS' SOLILOQUY

To graduate or not, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in High School to endure
The many acts of Hamlet's tragedy
Or to take arms against our surging troubles,
And by flunking, end them? To work, to fail,
No more; and by this step to say we end
The lectures and the countless exams.
Seniors are heir to; 'tis an exit
Devoutly to be wished. To work, to flunk.
To flunk,—perchance an "E;" ay there's the rub.
For by the constant flunking, the end that comes,
When we have passed below the "75"
Must give us pause; there's the calamity
That makes us bear the drudge of High School days;
For who would solve the mysteries of Physics
And of Math.—the English camouflage,
The insolence of Freshmen, and the blame
That worthy Seniors for the unworthy take,
When he himself might his own exit make
By merely flunking—who would night work do.
To grunt and sweat over many a volume
But for the dread of something after failing
The folks at home, from whose scorn
Our spirits shrink with shame, weakens our wills
And makes us rather take the ills we have
Than yield to consequences we know not of.
Thus conscience does make drudgery for us all,
And thus the native spirit of rebellion
Is shifted over to pursue a "D."
And our plans for future lives of comfort
With this regard are driven from our minds
And never come to pass.

—MARY HAMLIN.

Extracts From the Diary of a Freshman

September 10—Today I spent my first day in High School and I feel years older, ahem! I am a Freshman in P. H. H. S. When I reached there at 7:15 I decided to be real polite so I knocked at the door, I knocked and knocked! No response. I peeped in! Nobody home. I sat down on the step and waited, then soon some elderly women, whom I took to be teachers, came along. I afterwards learned they were Seniors. I asked them where to go. They sent me somewhere—I can't remember where. Any way I got in the wrong place several times. Of course it wasn't my fault. They just misunderstood me every time I asked them where to go. Well, I have my schedule all arranged so I guess now I can go to sleep.

October 15—Wonder of wonders! We had a class meeting today. I was elected a Student Staff Reporter! Won't I be a good one though? I wasn't surprised at getting an office but I really expected something more important, but—"There's a Reason."

November 1—High School is certainly a gay old place. But it never was meant for study. I never bring books home. I study on the way to class and have to make a pretense of studying in my vacant periods. My teachers say I must prepare my lessons fearfully and wonderfully! I took that as a compliment and have been walking on air ever since.

December 2—The Editor of the Student asked me to write up a real exciting account of the Freshman Class. So that's what I made up. Genuine excitement! He said he would "look it over and touch it up." Is that a compliment? The members of the Student Staff are going to have their pictures taken this noon so I am all dressed up for the occasion.

February 1—My air castles have taken a tumble! We had finals last week! I had expected to be exempt from two or three any way. But I was informed that I would have to take them all. I really think there was some mistake about it. My name was posted on the bulletin board three times in succession and in different places. I thought it was quite an honor to have my name up where everyone could see it. My advisor said I had FAILED every six weeks in two things. But I don't care! What difference does that make? High School isn't such a song as it might be.

April 10—Why do they have report cards, anyway in High School? The telltale nuisances! They are just a bother. Last semester I never bothered taking it home because I could sign it easier than make any bother at home. But I see that signing your own report card seems to be a very serious offense. I am taking English, Algebra, Botany and Penmanship. I actually flunked in everything but Penmanship! I suppose real tsudious people would care but my kind don't.

June 16—Thank goodness my Freshman year is over! I got three seventy-fives, and a C in penmanship! I am rather proud of myself for get-

ting such nice marks in everything. Aren't you surprised? Did I hear someone say they were scandalous? Well I'm satisfied with what I get. But if you want a good "stand in" with the teachers and everyone of the upper classmen you had better profit by my advice and study a little harder.

Sincerely, "JANE."

By ELIZA M. COWAN '20.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

Between the Sophomore and Senior,
When the days are passing so fast,
Comes a year while we are at High School
That is known as the Junior Class.

I see in the class room about me,
The faces of great men and meek,
Sounds pass through the open door way
Of voices low and sweet.

From my desk I can see in the corridor
Ascending the broad hall stair,
Grave girls, and merry girls,
And girls with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are scheming and contriving together
Some teacher to take by surprise.

Do you think, O grave-eyed Seniors,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such a lovely class as the Juniors
Are not a match for you all?

We shall all remember the Juniors,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the oldest members have left us,
And the youngest have passed away.

—HELEN BLACK.

When You're Broke

When you have a date on Friday, and you're broke,
Just remember not to laugh for it's no joke.

When you call her up and say
You will come another day,
It is better just to tell her that you're broke.

—BYRON PHILIPS.



Gross



Us my Co.



Spying. ?



Steps



Historians



Pets



Captured



A Rose Among Thorns



me



Flattered



Prof.

"Tubby"

THOSE DOUBTFUL DON'TS

My parents told me not to smoke—

I don't

Nor listen to a naughty joke—

I don't

They told me it was wrong to wink

At handsome men or even think

About intoxicating drink,

I don't.

To dance or flirt was very wrong—

I don't

Wild girls chase men and wine and song—

I don't

I kiss no men, not even one

In fact I don't know how it's done,

You wouldn't think I have much fun,

I don't.

THE LOST NICKLE

I.

The session room was all astill,

For once I worked real hard.

The reason, I regret to tell,

Was an "E" on last month's card.

2.

But all ambition failed me,

As it did the corner bum.

For the fellow in the next seat back,

Was munching "Wrigley's Gum."

3.

Of course I had to ask for some,

He slyly passed a stick.

And soon my jaws were working hard,

But teacher knew the trick.

4.

"You're chewing gum, I plainly see,"

She said with words sarcastic.

"Put five cents in the Red Cross bag,

And gum in the waste basket."

—GUY MANUEL.

AS SEEN BY THE SENIOR

An Essay In Three and Four Letter Words

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, and in articulating your superficial sentimentabilities and amicable philosophical or phsychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensible all-polysyllabic profundity, pompous concatenatent cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affections. Let your extemporaneous discantings and unpremeditated expateations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous proximity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent rapidity.

Shun double ententes, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

LOOKING THROUGH THE FRESHIE'S EYES

(Translating the above)

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely, and truthfully. Keep from slang; do not put on airs; say what you mean and mean what you say; and—above all, DO NOT USE BIG WORDS.

M. VANVALKENBURG '21.

WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING

A fool there was and he wrote a theme,
Even as you and I,
And above all things he expected a "B"
But never thought of receiving a "C"
Nor the slight possibility of a "D"
But, Ah, false luck, he received an "E"
Even as you and I.

"Ah well," thought the fool, "I'll study hard
Even as you and I,
And learn the songs of the ancient bard;
And get at least a "C" on my card
'Twill keep my record from being marred,
But the fool he failed and never was starred
Even as you and I.

I'll write a poem for the "Student," said he,
Even as you and I,
When we feel ourselves failing and all at sea,
And our minds taken up with the singular "me,"
And indulge, for relaxation, in poetry
But his poem wasn't published, so he lay down to "dee,"
Even as you and I.

—MAVIS WARNER, '21.

TO STUDENTS OF HAMLET ONLY!

There's a class called English eight,
That is all a work of fate,
How we ponder every night
Till we're in an awful plight
For we have no way to show
And we've really got to know
Whether Hamlet's feigning madness
Or it's melancholy sadness,
English Eight!

Now the topic, thought and sentence
On we work with deep repentance,
Till we reach the last long scene
O, if this is not too mean—
How we've worked, as we have said,
Now each one in turn is—dead,
So we're through the book at last
Well, the tragedy is past,
Like English Eight!
—DOROTHY SARJEANT.

FRESHMEN!

Mine ears have heard the chatter of this bashful class's tongues,
They have carved their names in benches where the Glee Club
songs are sung.
They have lost themselves in corridors en route to "B" or "A,"
But now their greenness wears away.

SOPHOMORES!

They have less respect for Freshmen, and know how to run the school,
They have made the teachers angry and broken every rule.
They have lost the run for 90's and their work is never done,
For a Soph. must have his fun.

JUNIORS!

They have had a date for Monday, and the club met Wednesday night.
The 57 varieties are absolutely out of sight.
They claim they are getting on in life and there's everything to do
So the Junior just gets through.

SENIORS!

They buckle down to study before it is too late,
Lest they graduate with "Honors (?)" on a shameful 78.
They hold "Hop" and "Feeds" and Class Days to end their gay career,
For June is here.

—COURTNEY RAUSER.

A WORD TO THE WISE

Pruney McBrainey was a smart little sis,
There was never a problem that Pruney would miss;
The teachers all praised him every day,
And Pruney would blush and turn quickly away.

Now Fritzie DeVacant was a brainless boy,
He never took books home, but always found joy
In flirting with all of the vampire girls,
You know the kind! They always wear curls.

Now Pruney got praised by all of the people
And his head grew as big as the biggest church steeple.
And he, with his swelled head, began to get slack,
For after all it resembled a tack.

But Fritzie got worse and worse every day,
Cared naught for the "Jo Jos" that came his way.
But at last he got it into his dome,
To cut out the "skirts" and study at home.

Now Pruney McBrainey, sad to relate,
Is spending his days digging fish-worms for bait.
But, Fritzie DeVacant, who was such a whale
Is now Professor of Harvard and Yale.

—N. MARSDEN, '20.

Officers in P. H. H. S. Cadet Corps

General Disorder
General Chemistry
General Information
General Outline
General History
General Nuisance
Major Key
Captain Sword
Sergeant Stripes
Corporal Punishment
Private Entrance
Private Walk

—ALBERT HOGAN, '20.

Arthur had a motor boat,
Of which he thought a lot
Some times his motor boat would
But mostly it would not.

EDITORIAL



BOOST FOR PORT HURON

Port Huron is to have a gigantic industry. The announcement that at last Port Huron is to become a factor in the industrial world of today is a startling one. For years Port Huron has been known chiefly as a summer resort upon the shores of Lake Huron, a little city of twenty-two thousand not particularly up to date or wide awake. Saginaw, Bay City, Pontiac, Flint, and Grand Rapids are all ahead of Port Huron but now Port Huron is to have its chance.

An automobile industry headed by two men well known in the United States will locate soon upon the banks of St. Clair river south of Port Huron. It is to be a big industry and its advent into the life of this city means many startling and important changes. Port Huron will soon double its population, perhaps triple it. Homes will soon spring up within a radius of several

miles and new streets and boulevards will replace present country roads. Port Huron will become an important railway and steam ship center with stores and buildings worthy of such a city. A large up to date High School will be a necessity together with many new grade schools. A metropolitan theatre with New York attractions will be located here. In a word Port Huron will be numbered among the largest cities of Michigan.

If Port Huron is to carry out this program successfully her citizens must push. They must stand behind the Chamber of Commerce which is bringing this concern to this city. They must meet their responsibilities face to face. They must boost for their city at all times and keep that thought foremost in their minds.

Port Huron High School must do its share, too. It has the very same part to play as that of its older citizens. It must boost and work to make Port Huron a great city.

GRATITUDE!

For the success of our paper, we are indeed grateful to a vast number of people. In the first place we sincerely thank, those few who, realizing the need of a high school paper, organized and established our first publication twenty-three years ago. In the beginning the pamphlet was known as the "Tatler." During its career the publication has received many names, including "Tin Horn," "Critic," and "Student," but under each title has continued to tattle the events of the high school. This year however, we decided that our paper should touch upon local events as well.

In reviewing past history, we must not overlook the supporters of the paper, those who advertised and those who purchased the finished product. We all realize the need of a high school publication but we also recognize the utter futility of attempting to publish a book like our annual if we had not the loyal support of our staunch advertisers.

With their support, although we do not own a press, as some schools do, we are able to put out an annual which compares favorably with that of every part of the United States.

For this publication the staff is especially grateful to the Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, Faculty, Alumni, Advertisers and the Port Huron citizens from whom we received special articles.

Owing to an oversight, we are sorry to announce that the name of the author of the article "The Attitude of the School," has been lost.

Through some great error the name of the author of "The History of Port Huron" has not been printed after the article. The editors wish to announce that the writer, who so kindly favored us with this special article is Mr. W. L. Jenks.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE SCHOOL

In this school there exists a dreamy leisure-like spirit, no one seeming to care what happens or what will happen. There was a time when the standard of scholarship was high but it has gradually descended to its present level. At present it shows no indications of improving although it is rather spasmodic at times. There is that half-hearted, I-don't-care spirit of what comes along. You immediately and indignantly declare this is not so. Now stop and think and you will find it true. Yes, I mean that helpless, half-hearted, spirit. What it needs is an awakening or stimulus and you Mr. or Miss Student are the persons to do it. What really will accomplish it is pride; self-pride to preserve the ideals for which this school stands. True it is there are some who are working unfailingly to do the best and their best. The whole student body must work with this aim in view. Do those lessons seem a bore to you, do they? This is mostly due to the fact that they are not studied. Where is the interest? Is it because in this day and age our attention is centered on the whirl of events which occur with lightening-like rapidity in the universe of ours? Yes, we are living in strenuous times but let us not turn from the essentials but work for a better and greater Port Huron High School with the thought of E. A. Guest's in mind.

“To live as gentle as I can;
To be no matter where I am, a man
To take what comes of good or ill
And cling to faith and honor still,
To do my best and let that stand
The record of my brain and hand.
And then should failure come to me,
Still work and hope for victory.

PRESENTATION

At last after a period of concentrated effort, diligent work and careful selection, the “Student” is ready for the perusal of the citizens and the students of Port Huron. Even though, it is the result of our combined efforts, we must admit that this precious document may have its shortcomings but, we beg you to lose sight of these in appreciation of its better and finer qualities.

For some time the citizens of Port Huron have advocated for chapel services. Although religion has always been the underlying principal of life, the world is just beginning to realize that things spiritual and temporal must go hand in hand. For this reason our Monday morning exercises

have received no definite name. We may have chapel, patriotic, or commercial sessions every Monday morning.

Programs varied greatly as we were allowed to have any kind of a speaker and any kind of a speech. However, we have derived much benefit from every speaker.

As a result of Mr. Haensel's talk on a better Port Huron, the Young Men's Chamber of Commerce was formed.

Dr. Crissman attempted to stimulate in us a deeper appreciation of our American authors.

A vivid picture of "America to-day," at her height was shown by Rev. Mathew Mullen in his Monday morning talk.

An address on Supt. Keeler was given by Alfred Browning during another fifteen minute period.

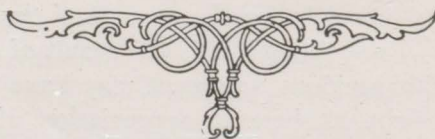
Dr. Shaw in graphic style drew for our benefit, word pictures of our possible future as citizens in our republic.

Lieutenant Ball turned the attention of the boys' minds to engineering when he described the wonderful life and possibilities offered to a graduate of the Michigan College of Mines.

Several times during the year Mr. Davis has directed our minds in new channels. On one occasion he gave us a new conception of democracy.

We have, also had several other talks including one on the Barberry bush and Earl Appel's description of Camps at Home and Abroad.

Frankly, we are glad that the custom has been inaugurated and hope that it will not die out with this school year.



Model English Themes

WARSHIPS

Stately Roman Galley returning from some Carthaginian conquest, as a knight, his bidden task accomplished, returned to claim his bride. Gaily be-decked and laden with plunder it glides along to the dip of the oars. Aimlessly pulled by the slaves whose chains rattle and creak in monotonous chant as they swing their bodies to and fro'.

Haughty American sailor with a broadside of eight guns, a ready challenge for any ambitious English Admiral. Harassing the fishermen on the 'Banks,' as a vulture swooping down upon field mice because there are no lions to give combat. Creating a constant terror and dread of the names, "John Paul Jones," and "Bonne Homme Richards."

An American Destroyer, ploughing thru the Atlantic at a terrific speed, like a dolphin intent upon its prey. Streaked with hideous markings making it almost imperceptible in the morning light. This gray monster of Herculean power, flying the stars and stripes, speeds on, symbolic of a race.

—WM. B. HARTMAN.

SI PERKINS' FORD

Si Perkins lived in the small town of East Haven, Si was shabby and out-of-date and he owned a shabby and out-of-date Ford. It was the only Ford in East Haven; in fact, it was the only motor-driven vehicle of any sort.

This Ford was a source of wonder to the good people of the village. Many times had they wondered how such a quantity of noise could issue from so small a thing. And indeed, Si's Ford would have made anyone wonder; for as he went down the main street, the exhaust popping loudly, the loose remnants of mudguards banging against the body, the rest of the loose parts rattling, and the springs and wheels squeaking, it sounded not unlike a jazz band with a part of it missing. And through all this noise the rattle of tin was predominant. The sound could be heard for miles and at close-quarters it nearly deafened one. Truly it was a remarkable Ford with a very remarkable sound.

—JACK TAYLOR.

EBENEZER FRY

Silence reigned in the little village church until the "clump, clump, clump" of old Ebenezer Fry's knotted oak cane was heard clumping and thumping along the aisle. All eyes turned to gaze upon the oldest citizen of the village, who, puffing very hard, had stopped to get his breath.

His face, very thin and brown with a few straggly side-whiskers drew

their attention first. His lips were pressed in a tight thin line and although his eyes were soft and kindly his mouth gave him the appearance of a grim and stern man. A hat, which he had dusted that morning for church but still showing the dust and grime for months, covered the few gray hairs that were left.

He was alone in the world and having no one to sew his buttons on, his coat was flapping open and evidently the safety pin with which he had pinned it together was not very strong and so disclosed his gray flannel shirt. The cuffs of his threadbare coat were turned back exposing the hard and bony hands which tightly grasped the cane. The pockets were baggy and one could guess that they secreted an old pipe and a package of "Velvet" somewhere.

His trousers were loose and rather short, leaving about three inches of red woolen sock, in view, above the shoe-top. His shoes too, had seen better days and, although it is not certain it is thought that even a bit of red sock could be seen right through the toe of his shoe.

Little did Ebenezer care for appearances—he had come to church and was now joining his cracked and high-pitched voice with the rest of the congregation.

—ELEANOR MEISEL, '21.

AT TWILIGHT

It was that time of the day when all the world seems to be hushed, listening. The sun cast a dull glow over the western sky as it sank from sight. The very leaves seemed to hang motionless and the birds ceased their calling and twittered sleepily among the trees. The little brook that usually wound chattering, in and out among the flowers, gurgled softly over the stones.

Then into the stillness broke the sound of the angelus. Softly at first and ever increasing in volume the bells pealed forth and sent their echoes resounding over the distant hills. The men laboring in the fields, hearing the sound, stopped their work and stood listening with bowed heads to the melodious notes.

The sun sank from sight and the rosy glow faded from the sky. The peals of the bells became softer and finally only their echoes stole softly away, over the horizon, spreading their tale of peace, rest, and the Love of God over all the world.

—GERTRUDE TENNANT.

MIDNIGHT WELCOME

There had been no heat in Jones' apartment all day, so Jones sought refuge early by going to bed and piling all available clothes on top.

Ah! what was that? A distant scrape, then a creak as of some heavy body moving up the stairs. Then again silence for a short interval. This mysterious noise began again confusing the senses of Jones. First a gentle thud, thud, thud, growing louder every moment. Clank! Clank! it seemed as though the ghost must be on the floor below. Now the strange spectre must

be coming up the stairs, with all its heavy chains bounding on each step. Bang!! Thud!! Clank!! it seemed almost unendurable, even as though the very house must tumble about his ears. Somewhere in the back of Jones' head a small inner voice called to rouse himself from the stupor into which he had fallen but a vague terrifying fear gripped him dulling this small voice. Now the ghost must be bending over him, gun raised ready to shoot. Bang!—

The sound trailed off into the night. Jones now wide awake heard the steady pounding of the radiators and saw a phantom like cloud of steam issuing from the opened pipe. At! at last—heat, heat for the frozen apartment.

—DONALD ROSS, '21.

ODD ANSWERS ON INSURANCE FORMS

1. Mother died in infancy.
2. Father died suddenly: nothing serious.
3. Applicant has never been fatally sick.
4. An uncle died of cancer on his mother's side.
5. Applicant's fraternal parents died when he was a child.
6. Father went to bed feeling well and the next morning woke up dead.
7. Grandfather died from gunshot wound, caused by an arrow, shot by an Indian.
8. Applicant does not know anything about maternal posterity except that they died at an advanced age.
9. Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness.
10. Grandfather died suddenly at the age of one hundred and three. Up to this time he bid fair to reach a ripe old age.
11. Mother's last illness was caused from chronic rheumatism, but she was cured before death.

There's meter Iambic
There's meter Trochaic
There's meter that's tender in tone
But the meter that's neater, completer and sweeter
Is to meet her by moonlight alone.

Students As They Are!

Freshmen—Fuzzy Wuzzy Tootsie Wootsies.
Sophomores—Young Barbarians.
Juniors—Smart Alexs.
Seniors—Tje "Its."



Sweet-Hearts?



Long Boy!



Old Fol's



Biras



Angels ???



Giant Jr.



Cabbage!



Tank Jr.



Posies



Heart-Smashers



Shy



Our Editor



"False"





EVERYCHILD

Port Huron was delightfully surprised with the production of "Everychild," under the able direction of Miss Clara Sibilla, which was given for the benefit of the Athletic association. This play differed from others, the cast being composed of students from the grammar schools as well as high school.

Everychild, an allegorical play in three acts by Gertrude Tooker, pictures the life of an American child in the world of today. The play opens with a scene in the castle of imagination where Everychild lives with Santa Claus and his fairy god mother. This particular scene was acted in a finished and quite professional manner. The remaining two acts shows Everychild's journey through the world of reality, through the garden of Grinding Growth, and the Curriculum forest. One of the striking scenes of the play was the pageant of life showing well known types in the world of today.

Little Minnie Dresser from the Washington school played the title role. Her natural ease and child like simplicity completely captivated her audience.

Miss Lenore Deery, enacted the role of the fairy godmother, and with her clear and sweet voice, was well suited to the part.

Miss Bernice Stewart, as Reality, and Samuel Sullivan as Santa Claus showed talent.

Phyllis Eichhorn and Eleanor Cady, with their poetic interpretive dancing, gave the touch of brilliancy to the play.

It would be impossible to mention each individually, but it is needless to say each one showed talent and excellent training.

The little "buds", who were the flower children harmonized with their parts and made a beautiful garden.

The castle of imagination was beautifully portrayed by tinsel on net, the work of Miss Sibilla, who cannot be praised enough. Everything was complete in the play even to the "flunk dragon," likewise Miss Sibilla's own work. The musical numbers were directed by Miss Edna Fraser, to whom goes much credit.

MUSICAL COMEDY

The Class of '19 is attempting something new in the form of the annual Senior Play. This year they are going to put on a Musical Comedy, under the able direction of Mr. Alexander Henderson of New York. The name of the play is "Recruiting" which has been adapted from Offenbach's "Grand Duchess." The principal characters are:

Lotta Good—Evah Smith.

Mrs. Merriwell—Frances Smith.

Captain Bragg—Daniel Watts.

Jim Dandy—Wm. McCracken.

Everett Work—Leonard Little.

There will also be a "Curtain Raiser" which is promised to bring many a laugh. The scene is laid in a department store and the characters are models which come to life during the play. Besides a large chorus, the other characters are: Fred Adams, Marjorie Browne, Mary Schuberth, Verna Fitzgerald.

The chorus for "Recruiting" is as follows: Leona DeLyon, Nellie Randall, Hazel Howell, Mary Hamlin, Winifred Ferret, Helen Endlich.

A. Fead—Goodness! I got my lunch in my coat pocket and I can't get it out.

Sympathetic One—Why not eat your coat?

A. Fead—Yes and wear my lunch home, I suppose.

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes



"EVERYCHILD"



C CHALCRAFT-20

P. H. H. S. DEBATING CLUB

This club, organized by Mr. Crossley at the beginning of the term, has made a good start toward success. Since it is practically the first organization of the sort the interest shown has not been very great but its members have high hopes for the coming year. A permanent constitution has been adopted and officers elected for the coming year.

President—Albert Hogan.

Vice President—

Treasurer—Charles Taylor.

Secretary—Alfred Browning.

Corresponding Sec.—Edna Nern.

Parliamentarian—Hazel VanTine.

Altho the membership is composed of Seniors and Juniors, primarily, a limited number of Sophomores, specially interested, will be admitted.

The club will have charge of inter-school debating and hopes to have some fine debates next year.

An idea of the work done by the club can be formed by the topics brought up for discussion. The following are typical:

Restriction of Immigration.

Fifteenth Amendment (concerning negro voters).

Similar wages for similar work for men and women.

A feature debate was a humorous one on whether or not a milkman should own his own cows. Besides the training in speaking the club has learned a little of 'Brief' construction that is the outlining of the main points to be proved. As this is useful in taking notes on speeches or books and absolutely necessary in law, the members feel that an important step has been taken. The Debating Club has made such progress in the past that we feel sure it will make even more in the future.

—ALFRED A. BROWNING, '20.

Debate

Saginaw vs. Port Huron

The debate on April 11, was one of the closest in which the Negative Team has ever participated.

With Saginaw debating on the Affirmative side of the Minimum Wage Question, our team met a foe worthy of them in every respect, and though the decision was 3-0 against Port Huron, the debate was not as one-sided as the score indicates.

The Saginaw team was composed of experienced debaters, while it was the first public appearance of our team, and it was this inexperience more than anything else that caused Port Huron's defeat.

The Negative Team are to be congratulated upon their effort to uphold the honor of Port Huron High School.

Durand vs. Port Huron

The affirmative debating team consisting of Harland Hungerford, Bessie Magahay and Helen Barrett, were coached very intensively by Mr. Crossley for weeks preparatory to going to Durand Saturday, March 8, 1919. On the Thursday preceding the Debate through a misprint in a telegram from Durand the team believed the Debate called off for a time and relapsed.

However two hours before train time Saturday a second telegram arrived which showed them that Durand expected them.

The rush and hurry which the short notice necessitated did not aid in making our speakers confident.

However our speakers were at their height. Their constructive arguments were well planned and excellently delivered. The point in which they excelled however was in their strongly constructed original rebuttals delivered very forceably.

The Judges gave the decision unanimously to Durand.

Senator Hicks was acting chairman.

Following the debate a short program was given and then dancing was enjoyed for a time.

Pontiac vs. Port Huron

In the beginning of the second semester the first debate of the season on the Minimum Wage question was held with Pontiac. The High School Team holding the affirmative side defeated the opposing team 2-1.

Both teams showed their inexperience, Pontiac's defeat, however, was due mainly to the superior arguments of the Port Huron Team.



DEBATING CLUB

Our Debaters



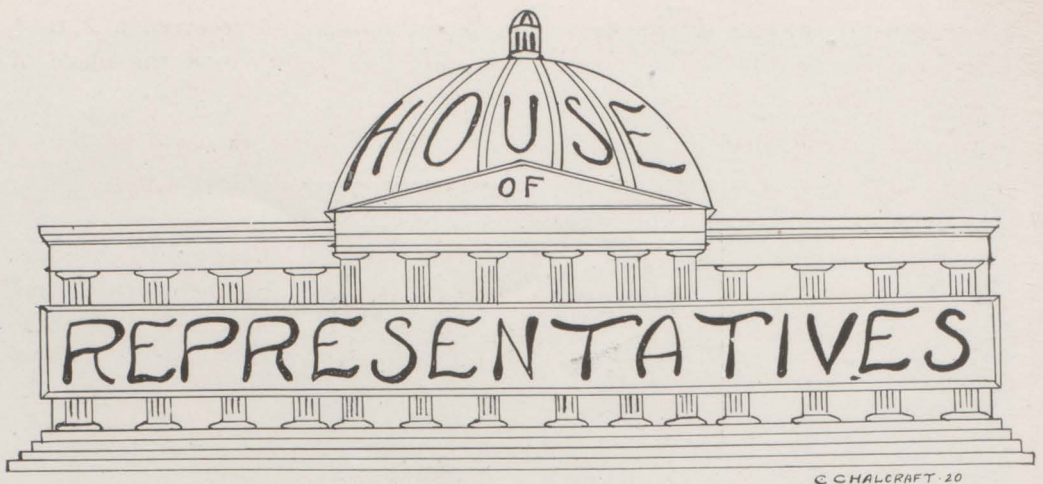
MR. V. C. CROSSLEY
Director of Debating



AFFIRMATIVE TEAM



NEGATIVE TEAM



The Seventh Session of the Port Huron High School House of Representatives has been in some ways the most successful year that the House has had. Although we feel that, owing to certain conditions, we have not accomplished all that we wished to do last autumn; yet we feel that we have succeeded in establishing a firm basis for future sessions.

The House has been hampered during the past year by several things. War activities occupied a large part of the school's time; and a "flu" vacation destroyed many plans. Through it all we have quietly endeavored to do our best towards holding to the twofold purposes of the House: which are—First: To study and practice Parliamentary Law. Second: To study debating and public speaking.

Never before in the history of the House have we had more use of Parliamentary Law than during the past session. Never has such a number of bills, or resolutions, been introduced before a House as have been brought up this year. Among the important pieces of legislation enacted by the House were the following bills: The Minimum Wage Scale, League of Nations, Immigration, Enemy Alien, and the School Improvement. The second and third named, together with the Mexican War Bill which the House rejected, were the source of much spirited discussion. The capitol Punishment Bill and the Negro Segregation Bill, the last a local issue, now before the House also promises to arouse much interest.

Although debating and public speaking have been used extensively in the House, we have had very little outside activities along these lines. We were however, able to put on two entertainments, one at Central Church, May 2, and the other at Avoca, May 15.

The two teams, composed of Geo. Silhavy, Geo. McInnis, and Charles Taylor on the affirmative; and Lloyd Reid, Curtis Chalcraft, and Allan Minnie on the negative; debated the question:

—"Resolved: That any restriction or supervision by the government which interferes with the domestic rights of the individual citizen tolls the death knell of democracy."

At Central Church the result was three to nothing in favor of the negative. At Avoca the affirmative team "came back" and received a 2 to 1 decision in their favor. At the latter place Ted Jenks took the place of Charles Taylor on the affirmative team.

The House Glee Club and House Debating Teams took part.

Upon both of the above mentioned occasions the Glee Club acquitted itself well, and certainly did a great deal of credit to themselves and Miss Fraser's teaching. They have been meeting every Tuesday night for practice, and have had an average attendance of about fifteen members. They have been practicing school and program music. It seems as though these members must attend the meetings for the "sheer joy of singing," because so far they have only appeared in public twice. The House, through the Student, wishes to express their thanks to Miss Fraser for her assistance. We certainly appreciate the time and training which she has so graciously given us.

During the last three years the State Confederation of Houses have been rather broken up owing to other activities before mentioned. But they are once more showing signs of life, and next year we hope to hold a conference of Houses in this city to re-establish the Confederation. We have been in correspondence with several schools regarding this project and all are enthusiastic in their approval of it. They have virtually promised to come to Port Huron, and we hope to have delegates from at least fourteen of the large schools of the State and as many again from schools we have not yet heard from. Although the Confederation itself has been dis-organized the Houses, or the units of the League, have been marking time until we could get together once more; and next year will see the Confederation established more firmly than before. Among these schools, whose Houses have been "carrying on" are the Grand Rapids Central, the Detroit Western, the Detroit Cass Technical School, the Ann Arbor High, the Saginaw High, and the Bay City High School. It can readily be seen that this list includes some of the best High Schools in the State.

The re-organization of the Confederated Houses will also see the re-opening of the prize contest for debate and oration between the Houses. The first prize is held by the Grand Rapids Central High School and the second prize by the Ann Arbor High. The Port Huron House is hoping for a chance at one of these prizes.

Plans for the Annual Banquet are now in the hands of the committee on Social Affairs. It will probably be held as late in the year as possible, perhaps the week before commencement. This banquet is rapidly becoming one of the most important affairs of the year, and is coming into prominence as one of the functions that every one considers an honor to be able to attend.

Following is the Roll Call of the House. It is larger than the roll-call of preceding years, and we hope to make it still larger next year.

1. Rep. Theo Anderson, Referee—Minn.



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

2. Rep. Allan Minnie, Speaker—Vermont.
3. Rep. Francis Appel, Clerk—Missouri.
4. Rep. Geo. Silhavy, Treasurer—Ohio.
5. Rep. Lloyd Reid, Sergeant-at-arms—Utah.
6. Rep. Geo. McInnis, Student Correspondent—Texas.
7. Rep. Wm. Ullenbruch, Times-Herald Correspondent—Tenn.
8. Rep. John Allen—Alaska.
9. Rep. Alex Avery—N. Hamp.
10. Rep. Paul Brown—N. J.
11. Rep. Fred Baker—Mass.
12. Rep. Roy Brothwell—Ala.
13. Rep. Earnest Baldwin—Ky.
14. Ex-Rep. John Cowan, Hon. Member.
15. Rep. Curtis Chalcraft—Ind.
16. Rep. Chas. Conat—Ga.
17. Rep. John Congo—Md.
18. Rep. Dudley Field—W. Va.
19. Rep. Chas. Inch—Okla.
20. Rep. Edward Jenks—Ark.
21. Rep. Leonard Little—Miss.
22. Rep. Clarence McCall—Kas.
23. Rep. Russel Norris—N. C.
24. Rep. Geo. Norris—Cal.
25. Rep. Arlington Rowe—Colo.
26. Rep. Chas. Taylor—N. Y.
27. Rep. Ross Scupholm—Mich.
28. Rep. Albert Stevenson—Ariz.
29. Rep. Sam Sullivan—N. Mex.
30. Rep. Sam Stecher—Oregon.
31. Rep. Geo. Sickles—Hawaii.
32. Rep. Omar Hill—S. C.
33. Rep. Harry Hess—Ill.
34. Rep. Eugene Moak—Wyo.
35. Rep. Arthur Purkiss—P. I.
36. Rep. Donovan Lewis—S. Dak.
37. Rep. Frank Crimmins—Montana.

E. Brotherton—Have you see Mac?

D. Watts—Mac who?

E. Brotherton—Macaroni.

(Curtain lowered to denote the lapse of one hour.)

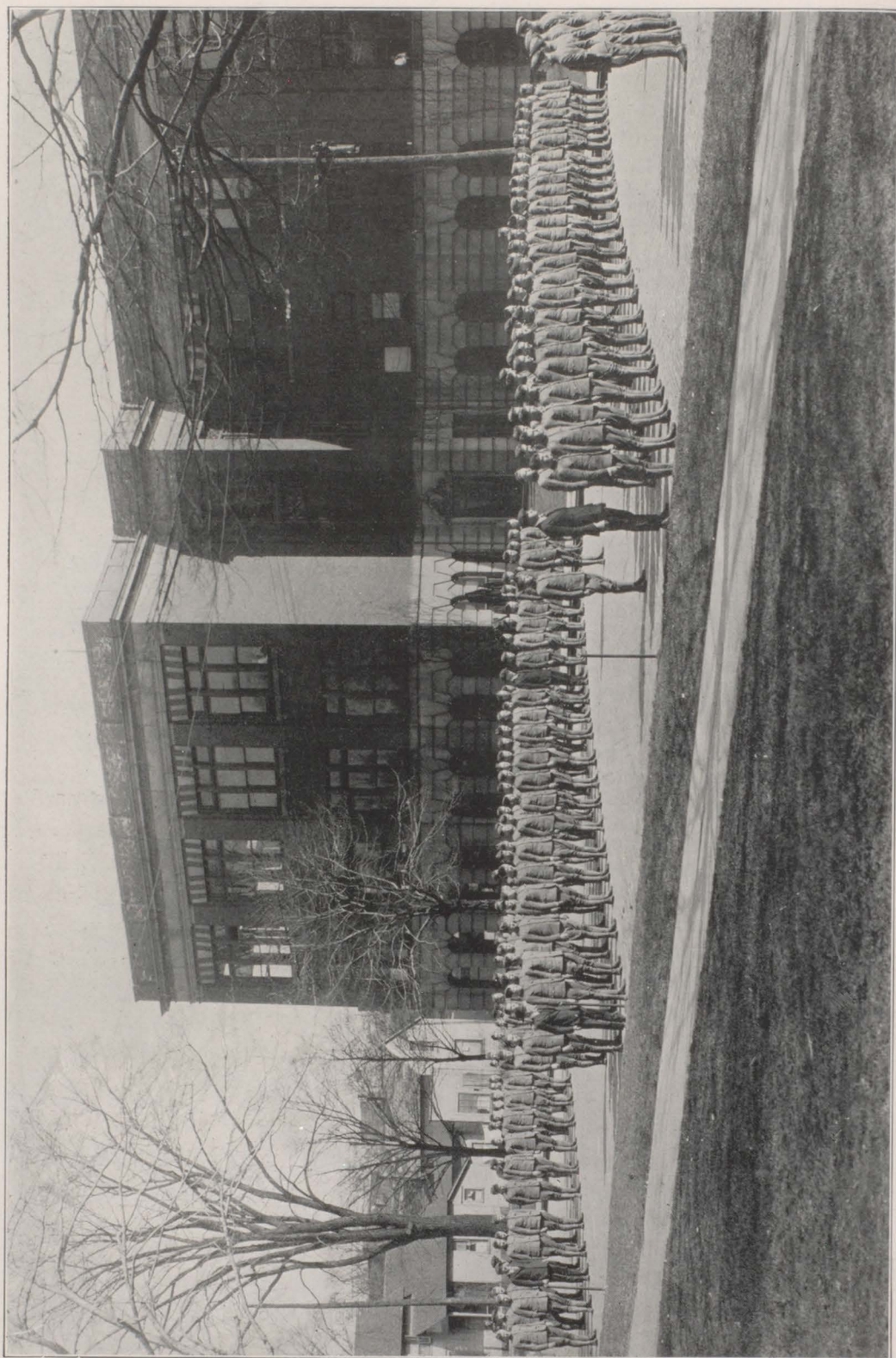
D. Watts—Have you seen Mac?

E. Brotherton—Mac who?

D. Watts—Spaphetti.

Jack McCowan (translating Spanish):

"The devil—x ! ! ! The devil! !"



CAD ETS

Military Training

Left, two, three, four—straighten up that line, back in the center, Company, Halt!!!

These are some of the many commands which can be heard on the drill days; when the members of the P. H. H. S. C. C. are drilling on Broad street.

The cadet corps is divided into three companies in making a battalion, and the companies are divided into six squads. The company commanders are as follows: Co. A, David MacTaggart; Top Sergeant, George Marks. Co. B, Leonard Little; Top Sergeant, Harland Hungerford. Co. C, Alfred Browning; Top Sergeant, Harvey Hinsberger. The cadet corps is making good progress in drill and will soon be ready for the manual of arms.

ATHLETICS

The battalion is to have field meets, and so far just the committees from the different companies have been chosen. They are as follows:

Co. A: F. Moore, F. McGuveroax, C. Holt, C. Hill.

Co. B: Fred Stoudt, Albert Hogan, H. Magahay, J. Ross.

Co. C: D. Watts, C. Bonnett, E. Hartson, R. Meehan.

These committees are to look after the athletics of their companies and as soon as a suitable field is found near the school the training will start. Their training will consist of military games, punting, hurdling and jumping.

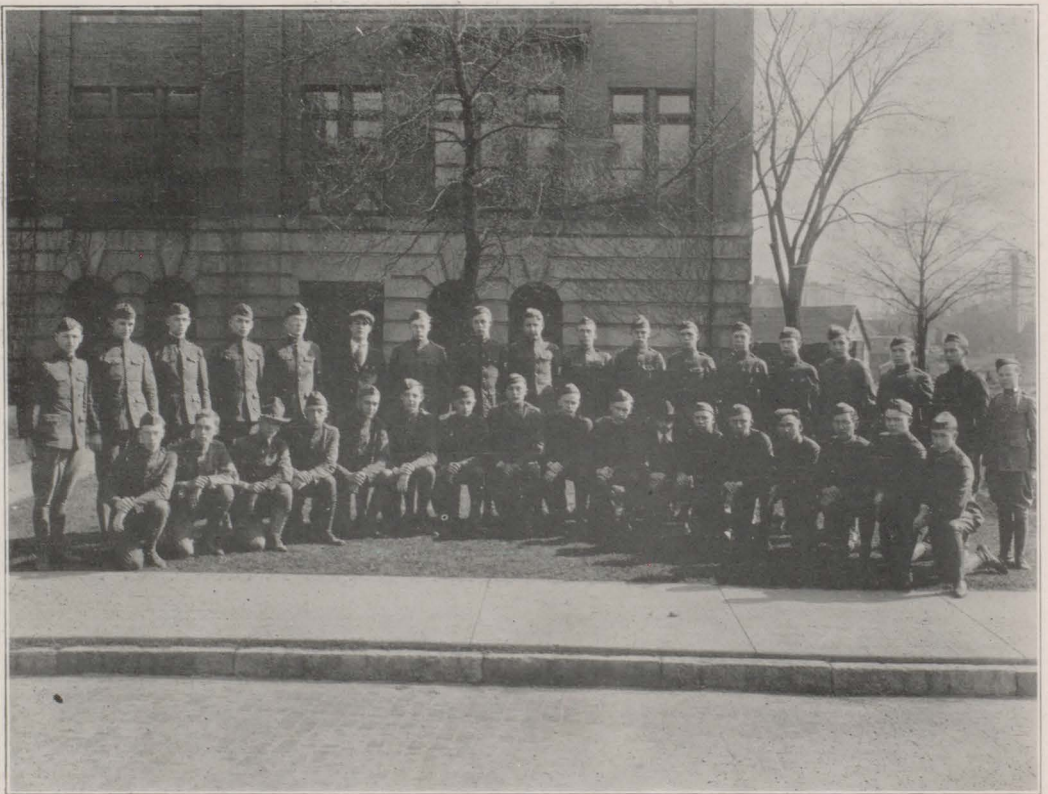
On Tuesday noons the Officers' Training unit drills, and it is at this time that the officers of the regular unit have advanced drill work. No man can become an officer unless he drills in the O. T. C. and has no demerits. The commanding officer of this unit is Mr. V. Crossley; Top Sergeant, Allan Carlisle, Jr. This unit is kept in advance of the regular unit, and it has had semaphore signaling, platoon drill, and setting up exercises.

The members of this unit are Mr. V. Crossley; Sergeant G. Tappan (adjutant); Corporal, A. Carlisle; Corporal, D. MacTaggart; Corporal, L. Little; Corporal, A. Browning; Corporal, Wm. McCracken; L. Reid, Wm. Hill, H. Tibbets, J. James, M. Ashley, C. Chalcraft, A. Hogan, F. Stoudt, C. Conat, W. Oliver, (assistant adjutant); K. Carlisle, H. Hinsberger, A. Pressprich, G. Norris, F. Kronner, H. Smith, L. Tracy, J. Rubenstein, C. Houle, C. Brotherton, D. Lewis, L. Howison, F. Appel, R. Meehan, H. Hungerford, G. Lennox, E. Lewis.

—CORP. ALLAN CARLISLE, JR.



MR. V. E. CROSSLEY, Commander of Cadets



OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS



HOUSE GLEE CLUB



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

P. H. H. S. ORCHESTRA

At last P. H. H. S. has a Orchestra composed entirely of its own students. It is composed of Pollock at the violin, Bell at the traps, McCracken at the saxophone and Simms at the piano. These men were engaged by the Student Staff to play at the assemblies given for the benefit of the Student. They drew the crowds as every one knows. Many a Friday afternoon the orchestra put pep into the feet of the steppers of Port Huron High. They also played at the class parties and made them unusually successful. An outstanding feature of this year's dances has been the large number of Freshmen attending.

GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club held their first meeting the 8th of September in the Auditorium and organized their club. The following officers were elected: President, Marguerite Baer; secretary and treasurer, Nellie Randall. The club meets every Thursday and sing under the direction of Miss Fraser. The first Thursday of every month, the girls hold their business meeting.

The girls had a supper in the basement on the 9th of April. About 25 girls were served at six o'clock. A good time followed the supper.

THE FRESHMAN PARTY

Mr. Grant Moore has kindly consented to tell us in the most pleasin' way possible some of the things that was done when he was a lad. "Mr. Moore."

It certainly gives me great pleasure to be here to talk about what I been goin' to. You see I got so took up with farmin' that I'd almost forgot I ever had any school days. But at this here social, I be goin' to tell you Beanville kids about a party we had when I was a Freshman.

Well the thing was on the 21st of March. It was begun after school as soon as the girls got their hair frizzed and noses powdered. Them what didn't dance played games but the rest of us went steppin' to the tune the band was playin'. We had a real good Jazz band in them days. We was enjoyin' ourselves right smart when along about 6:30 o'clock we was called down to supper. And then, I reckon, we all found out what swell dishes Miss Everham could fix up. You see she did a lot toward getting the "eats" ship-shape.

Along about 8 o'clock the party broke up and we all went home thinkin' as how the Freshman class had plenty of pep.

By PHYLLIS TURNBULL.



Young Men's Council of the Chamber of Commerce

Report of Young Men's Council

A Committee of Students waited on Mr. C. W. Haensel, Manager of the Port Huron Chamber of Commerce one evening after school. This Committee wanted to know what they could do for Port Huron to help it grow, beautify it, make it a better place in which to live.

Mr. Haensel suggested organizing a Young Men's Council of the Chamber of Commerce. The Committee called a meeting of the High School Students and on March 14, 1919 with twenty-seven students present, elected Harold C. Hill, Chairman pro tem; David MacTaggart, Secretary pro tem. The first steps in what is now the Young Men's Council were under way. The following Resolution was adopted.

"Resolved: That it is the sense of this meeting that a Young Men's Council of the Port Huron Chamber of Commerce be organized in this city and be it further

"Resolved: That any young man of good character between the ages of 14 and 21 having graduated from the eighth grade of the public school or similar grade in other schools may become a member thereof."

At the next meeting of the Young Men's Council a set of By-Laws were

adopted which made the organization a part of the Chamber of Commerce.

At the election banquet the following officers were elected, known as the Executive Committee.

Harold Hill, Leonard Little, David MacTaggart, Russel Norris, Harold Richards and Sam Sullivan.

The Executive Committee elected their officers as follows: Harold Hill, Chairman, David MacTaggart Jr., Secretary.

The Council Body was then formed with Sam Sullivan, Leonard Little, Ross Scupholm, Russell Norris, and Harold Richards as Majors. The Majors appointed five captains, the captains appointed five lieutenants, making an organization of 125 men.

The Young Men's Council put over the Boy Scout Campaign in the residential district of the city raising over \$2,200.00. In the Victory Loan Campaign they operated all the Volunteer Banks on Saturday in the city selling over \$3,000 worth of Victory Bonds. They also helped in the distribution of Posters of both the Boy Scouts and Victory Loans.

They have enlarged their organization by a membership campaign securing some thirty members making a total of 155 membership roll in the organization.

Next came the Salvation Army campaign in which they raised some \$300.00.

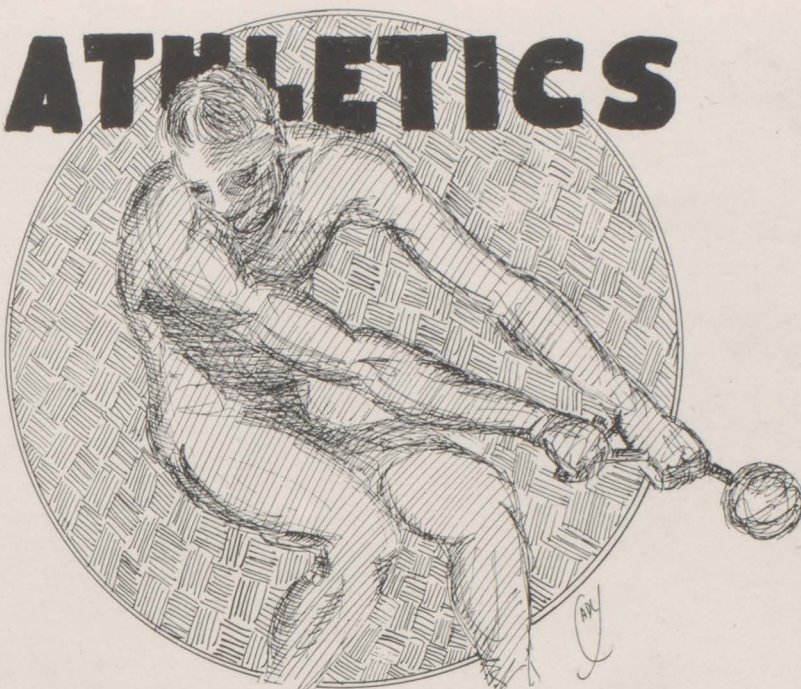
This is a complete report of the activities of the Young Men's Council since organizing.

According to the Program Committee there will be great activities the coming year.

A SUCCESSFUL CANDY SALE

"Let's have a candy sale," said one of the girls at a Student Staff meeting, "we could raise a considerable sum of money for the 'Student'." And immediately committees were appointed and action took place. Many of our girls responded by bringing candy, and early Friday morning (March 21st) Miss Hartsig's desk was piled high with many delicacies. Candy was sold at noon for the benefit of the students who go home before 3:15, and in fifteen minutes over ten dollars worth of candy had been purchased. Beginning at 3:15 the candy sold fast and in three-quarters of an hour only empty boxes remained on the tables and many slow students were left without any to buy. Thus twenty-four dollars was given to the seniors to help make their annual student a success.

ATHLETICS



A great revival of athletics is being staged in Port Huron High School at the present time and Port Huron bids to be one of the first schools in the state in athletics very soon, in spite of the fact that the athletic equipment is not near what it should be. But the school is very fortunate in having two competent coaches, Myers and Lake.

Mr. Myers is one of the best coaches in the state for foot-ball, and with the veterans of last season's team and fine new material which turned out to spring foot-ball training, a champion team is predicted for Port Huron on the gridiron next fall with "Baldy" Bonnett captaining the team.

The base ball team this year under Myers is one of the best ever turned out by Port Huron High, and Port Huron expects to, not only win the pennant in the county league, but also establish a claim for state honors.

Port Huron could not have wished for better success during the basket ball season than the varsity team had last year under the coaching of Mr. Lake. We had a team which could not be beaten on our home floor and the teams that defeated us on foreign floors defeated us by a very small margin. Port Huron High has reason to be proud of her basket ball team as this team put Port Huron on the map in athletics.

For the first time in the history of the school a track team has been organized by Coach Lake. At this time, when the "Student" is going to press no definite positions have been filled on the team as there are a great variety of "track men" in the school to pick from, and great interest is being shown in this sport.

The inter-class games in basket-ball were given more attention than



BOARD OF CONTROL, ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

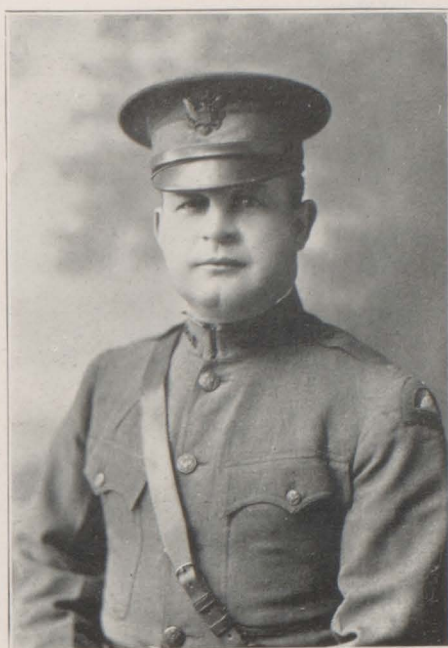
other years and each class team had many loyal rooters at the games. A great deal of class rivalry was shown among the students. The teams were very evenly matched and the class championship was carried off by the Senior class after a great deal of hard labor.

For the first time in several years the girls were permitted to play basket-ball. Although a varsity team was not organized, class teams were selected and the girls had a lot of sport in playing inter-class games. There is very good material among the girls for a good varsity and they should be given a chance next year to hold up the school's honor in basket-ball.





MR. FRANCIS X. LAKE
Coach of Basket Ball and Track



LIEUT. M. J. MYERS
Coach of Football and Baseball



Once more Port Huron is on the map because of the great success of our team last season. Our team proved that it was able to compete with any team of the state and has made a record which any school might envy.

Great credit is due Coach Lake for the success of the team, and it is through his untiring efforts that our school is among the first half-dozen schools of the State in basket-ball. This "Lake" is too deep for other coaches to fathom.

Out of eleven games played, the Red and White quintet only lost two games and these were on foreign floors. Not once was Port Huron defeated last year on her home floor and furthermore it is safe to say that the teams that did defeat us could not beat us on our own floor. Port Huron scored 454 points on her opponents, while they scored only 262.



BASKET BALL

We will lose three men this year by graduation, two regulars and a substitute. Although we will miss them greatly, we are confident that there are some second team men who will be able to fill the gaps readily, and carry on the work which these veterans of the game have started.

Port Huron seems to have awakened in school spirit and supported the team better during the last of the season than at the first, and this is a good thing for the school. If the student body is behind a team and cheering it the team is bound to win.

Russell Norris—Senior—better known as "Buss." Captain of the team, right guard and a fast one at that. Very few points were scored on this man. He well deserved to be captain of the team.

Charles Bonnett—Sophomore—"Baldy," was conceded by the officials at the state tournament, to be one of the fastest forwards of the state. It is very seldom that Baldy misses a basket and he leads his opponents a merry chase in trying to follow him.

Fred Moore—Junior—Freddie is our center and when it comes to climbing the air for the ball Moore knows how to do it. Very few men can out jump or out wit this clever Moore.

Roy Stewart—Sophomore—Stew is a guard who said, "they shall not pass 'Stew'," was always in the heart of the game and where the play was thickest Stew's opponents are soon in a stew when Stew is in the game.

Dan Watts—Senior—"Watts is a fast forward who always kept every one guessing what he was going to do next and the first thing the opponents knew Watts had started down the floor for another basket.

Little, Frink, Holt were the extra men who could always be summoned to do their share in a pinch and worked as hard as the regulars to make the team a success.

PORT HURON 46, SARNIA 29

On January 3rd Port Huron opened the season with Sarnia on the home floor. After the first few minutes of play there was no doubt as to the final and after the first half the substitutes were given a chance. Only one thing was lacking and that was Port Huron's rooters. Although of little importance this game showed that Port Huron had a winning team.

PORT HURON 42, MT. CLEMENS 22

A week later Mt. Clemens came to our city confident of success. So confident were they that they offered to take a score of 1-6 and go home rather than face our team. But we were willing to take a chance like Columbus and discovered we had a team to be well proud of, while Mt. Clemens had to go back home for more treatments to take out the sting of defeat.

PORT HURON 31, ANN ARBOR 30

On Jan. 17, Ann Arbor came to our town and one of the most exciting games ever played in Port Huron was witnessed that night. Both teams were in the pink of condition and the score kept see-sawing back and forth. At the end of the first half Ann Arbor was four points in the lead. The sec-

and half our boys buckled down and shut Ann Arbor out as far as field baskets were concerned and played as they never played before. When the final whistle blew there was some dispute as to which team was the victor. After a few minutes it was decided that our team was victorious.

PORT HURON 24, UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT HIGH 26

The 23rd of January our team went to Detroit for the first game on a strange floor. The team played under several handicaps and was not able to get started soon enough, but never the less made a good showing for themselves. This was the first time we were defeated this season.

PORT HURON 60, MARINE CITY 13

The next week we played Marine City. As the score indicates there was no opposition and our team made baskets whenever it felt like it. This game gave the substitutes a chance to show what they could do and they proved they were able to play a good game also.

PORT HURON 63, MARINE CITY 18

The 14th of February, Marine City came to Port Huron for revenge, but they were doomed to disappointment. The game was one sided from start to finish, with substitutes playing most of the game. The only advantage in this game was that it gave the reserves a little experience and broke them in for next year.

PORT HURON 38, MT. CLEMENS 28

The following Friday our boys journeyed to the "Bath City." From all appearances Mt. Clemens had not learned how to play basket-ball as yet and our team easily carried off the honors.

PORT HURON 50, FLINT DEAF AND DUMB 33

February 28 a fast game was staged on the home floor with the mutes of Flint. Although our team did not have a hard time in overcoming Flint this was nevertheless an interesting game.

PORT HURON 21, FLINT 28

The 14th of March, spells the second defeat of the season for our team. The team went to Flint and a very fast game was staged there. It was with great difficulty that Flint managed to defeat us and which seemed a matter of luck rather than good management.

PORT HURON 45, FLINT 19

Our boys wishing for revenge had Flint come here next Wednesday. Needless to say Flint received one of the worst beatings she ever had. Port Huron's quintet just played circles around Flint and when the final whistle blew we had 45 points to Flint's 19.

PORT HURON 34, HIGHLAND PARK 16

The 22nd of March, Port Huron played the last scheduled game of the season at Detroit with Highland Park. This team was conceded to have

the best five man defense of any team in the state, but it was not fast enough for our boys. Highland Park could not get this defense formed quick enough to stop our team and if by chance they did get it formed our boys would cage long shots. In the second half Highland Park gave up hope and we had every thing our own way.

STATE TOURNAMENT

When the time came for the state tournament came near there was some discussion as to whether the team should be sent to Lansing. It was finally decided that they should go and this was one of the best things Port Huron could have done as the players certainly deserved the chance.

FACULTY VS. PORT HURON

When the team came back from Lansing the faculty wanted to see what they could do so challenged the team. The high school wanted to give the faculty as much a chance as possible so played the substitutes instead of the regulars.

The Faculty team was composed of Lake, Meyers, Miller, Hungerford and Anderson. These men were all old time players and had learned their A, B, C's in college basket-ball.

But time will tell and as a result the faculty, not being in condition, were easily defeated. If this quintet had had as much practice as the high school team, perhaps the teams would have been more evenly matched.

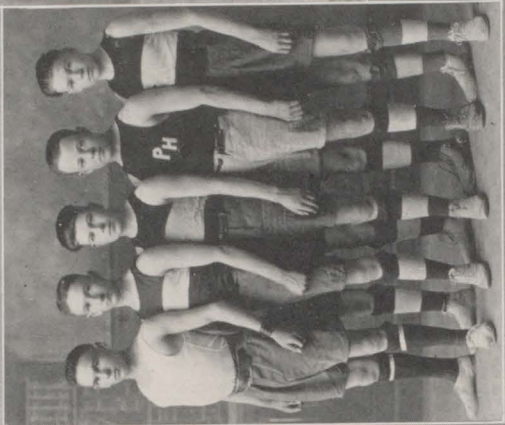
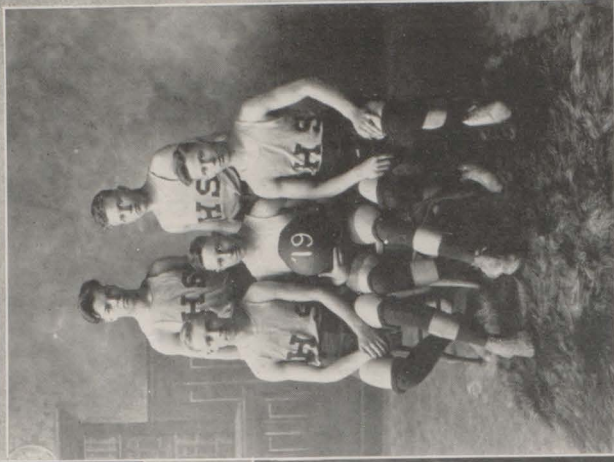
For once age did not precede beauty and the old heads did not know as much as the young heads when it came to basket-ball.

This was one good chance for the students to "get back" at the faculty for the marks they gave them on their report cards. This they did for the score that the faculty made looked much like some of the marks on our "Blue Books."

The high school team confident of victory, put all the substitute men in the game the first half. These men played like regulars and at the end of the half the score was 30 to 5 in favor of the high school.

The second half one or two of the "subs" were taken out and the regulars put in. The high school team soon was so far ahead that the score was lost track of. The faculty was about "all in," and it was here that Lake and Myers proved that they knew something about the game by having their shoe laces come untied and having to call time out to tie them.

This game was enjoyed by every one who attended and was a very fitting close to the successful season for the Red and White this year.



INTER CLASS BASKET BALL

STATE TOURNAMENT

After a night of very little rest, Friday morning the team lined up against Cass. Tech of Detroit on a small and confusing floor.

Cass Tech's old players started on the jump and had the first half by a wide margin. In the second half, Port Huron braced and held them to one field goal. But their lead was too great and we were beaten by about a dozen points, the worst defeat of the year.

If ever a defeat had a good effect, that one did. It showed the team what it was up against and instead of giving up, it merely calmed itself and determined to do better next time.

That next time came about six o'clock Friday night against Negaunee, champions of the Upper Peninsula who had beaten Flint badly in the morning and won the reputation of being one of the fastest teams in the tournament.

We had everything to gain and nothing to lose. Indeed, we were in a unique position, one I think, not duplicated during the entire tournament. Practically every coach and official was watching the game. We were conceded to have a chance, because Negaunee was known to be wonderfully fast and a bunch of fighters. Right there is where the boys vindicated all the faith that we had placed in them and more than justified their presence at the tournament. When the smoke cleared we were victors by the score of 21-29 but we had done more than that. We had gained a prestige, greater than if we had won our first game. This was due partly to the fact that such a come-back is rare in a place of that kind and partly because, almost everyone connected with the tournament witnessed the game, watching for a different purpose but watching nevertheless, and they were compelled to recognize the fact that the unusual and unexpected had happened.

That evening Saginaw Eastern played Holland and Holland was victor by three points and next day defeated Northwestern for state title.

Next morning, Saturday, we played Saginaw Eastern. Of course it had no bearing on the championship series, each of us having lost one game but nevertheless the game was watched with much interest by officials and coaches to see if we could uphold the reputation earned the evening before. The first half of the game was characterized by some of the officials as one of the fastest in the entire tournament. Only four points separated the teams at that time, Port Huron leading. The second half proved that Saginaw couldn't stand the pace and the final score stood 45-21. However it was a bitterly fought game and although the officials kindly allowed us a short rest the boys were in no condition to play when they took the floor against Detroit Northern a few minutes later. Northern was in almost the same condition but had profited by a little longer rest and were playing on floor familiar to them but untried by us, we being on that court for the first time.

The score stayed about even for the first half or until Norris got a wrenched ankle which made it almost impossible for him to get around. Then and then only did Northern gradually go ahead, winning by a very



GIRLS' INTER CLASS BASKET BALL

few points, only to lose the final game for the consolation series to Battle Creek, a team which if no better, was at least luckier in its playing schedule.

Summing up the whole tournament, the students and everyone connected with the team have reason to be satisfied, and proud of it. They went to East Lansing unknown, lost the first game and thereby lost all championship aspirations. Then by sheer grit and ability earned the reputation of one of the fastest and gamest teams in the state and a dangerous opponent for the best. This in a tournament where they never played on a standard size floor, and where some of the best teams never won a game.

It was certainly worth far more than it cost, to both the team and the school. And we owe our thanks to M. A. C. for the treatment we received there.

One forward, Charles Bonnett, received honorable mention for "the all state," without having a chance to show his real strong point,—speed, on a large floor.

INTER-CLASS BASKET BALL

The Seniors proved their superiority in inter-class basket-ball. Their nearest rival was the Freshmen. The sophomores, contrary to their customary traits, followed the Freshmen, while the Juniors showing a fighting spirit were the farthest away from the championship.

Coach "Baldy" Bonnett of the Freshmen team states that the Freshmen team is the fastest team that has been developed in that class for several years. Basket ball "fans" think that if such players as McGuvero and Ross keep up their present reputation, they will play on the school team in a few seasons.

The Sophomores showed spirit, meeting defeat and victory with the same grin, and from rumors coming from Room E the Sophomores expect to carry away next years honors.

The Junior team was defeated this year but their coach states that two of their best players were on the school team and were therefore not allowed to play in inter-class basket ball.

The Seniors put forth a well drilled efficient five which tied the Freshmen for final honors in this game; however, the Seniors defeated the Freshmen with an over-whelming score, thus giving the class of nineteen the championship.

The final results were:

Seniors	2	6
Juniors	4	3
Sophomores	3	4
Freshmen	3	5

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

For the first time in many years the girls have a basket ball team. The old armory never had more enthusiastic devotees to this popular game than the girls who under the direction of Miss Everham were organized for practice every Monday evening during the spring months.

The tryouts were numerous and the girls practiced hard until each class developed teams satisfactory to their coach.

Inter-class games were arranged for April 15 and 16, and much class spirit was shown, when the Freshmen battled hard against the Seniors, who soon rolled up the score.

The Juniors who were so confident at the beginning of the Sophomore game, soon found out that it was going to be more work than they expected. The Sohps. displayed especially fine team work and kept the score even during the first half. In the last half the Juniors gained, coming out four points to the good.

The most interesting game was played between the Seniors and the Juniors. Both teams had their pep aroused from the very first, but the Juniors scored successfully 13 to 9. This was the fastest game played and it was only after a hard struggle that the Juniors won.

In the last game played the Sophomores showed the Freshmen how to play basket-ball the score 14 to 6 in favor of the Sophs. was easily made.

By reason of their victories the Juniors are the class champions for this year.

OBITUARY NOTICE

DIED OF

Irving Bell—Music on the brain.

Mr. Miller—Of love.

Wayne Frink—Poisoned by midnight oil.

Irving Pollock—Life got too fast for him.

Rowdin Kilets—Lonesomness.

Leona Delyon—Pneu Beauxitis.

Madelyn McCowan—Tickled to death.

Lucille King—Lack of attention.

Harold Hill—Lack of exercise.

"Baldy" Bonnett—Fussed to death.

Mary Schuberth—Mistake.

Miss Northrup—Discussion of the brain.

Tom Howard—Of variety.

Hazel Howell—Broken heart.

LeVange Kimball—Of powder.

Jean Marsden—Because the rest did.

Dorothy Sarjeant—Flirtitis.

Marjorie Neville—Painters Colic.

Guy Manual—Died late. (As usual).



At the time of this writing the High School baseball team is just getting into real form. The games so far this season have been with small towns and the team has not been put to a real test. Although we were defeated by Croswell it is nothing to be surprised at so early in the season and before a regular team has been selected.

The A. A. decided to enter the team in the County League and up to date it looks as if Port Huron would carry off the honors. The league consists of St. Clair High School, Marine City High School, Algonac High School and Port Huron High School, each playing the other two games. The games with the larger high schools are yet to come and if Port Huron could defeat such teams as Highland Park, Northwestern and Detroit Central, which are yet to be played, a claim to the State Championship would be recognized.

At a meeting early in the season Russell French was elected captain of the team. French, Bonnett, and Fenner, are doing the pitching, Norris catching, Caulkett first, Bonnett second, Lasher third, Fields short stop, and Philipps, Meno, Carson and Holth in the fields.

The first game of the season was with Richmond and Port Huron won by a score of 9 to 6. St. Clair came next and it was an easy victory for Port Huron with a score of 14 to 5.

The next game at Croswell was a defeat for Port Huron, score 14 to 6. French worked in the box. The first game with Algonac resulted in a vic-



BASEBALL

tory for Port Huron by a 19 to 10 score, Carson and Fenner doing the pitching. Sarnia came next and was defeated 9 to 7.

The game at Marine City was not finished and was given to Marine City by the umpire whose decisions were questioned by Port Huron.

Before the end of the season Port Huron baseball team anticipates an enviable position among other schools.

HIGH SCHOOL BOWLERS

The High School Bowling season commenced on January 13th on the Young Men's Christian Association Alleys and organized their pin spillers into four three men teams, two rounds. These teams were composed as follows:

Hart, captain; Sullivan and Norton.
Scupholm, captain; Briggs and Ross.
Moore, captain; Smith and Fenner.
Wright, captain; Richards and Grant Moore.

In this series Captain Edward Moore's trio claimed first position on completion. The teams stood as follows:

	Won	Lost	Pc.
Capt. Moore	15	3	.833
Capt. Hart	8	7	.445
Capt. Scupholm	7	8	.389
Capt. Wright	6	9	.333

As a result, the members of Captain Moore's team are displaying silver bowling medals for bravery.

The next undertaking of the bowling committee, was a series of Doubles, the teams consisting as follows:

Edward and Grant Moore.
Wellman Smith and J. Ross.
Richards and Norton.
Oliver and Wright.
Scupholm and Sullivan.

This series commenced on February 24th, and was concluded on March 28th, with Edward and Grant Moore leading their opponents with 11 games won and 4 lost, percentage .733. Contending for second place came Richards and Norton, Stewart and Davidson, each pair having won 10 and dropped 5. Edward and Grant Moore were each decorated with a medal by the Y. M. C. A.

To properly terminate the bowling season a singles and doubles tournament was staged, each bowler contesting against every other contestant, and

given one chance only, total pins for three games to count. In the singles event, Ernest Lymburner claimed first position, rolling 981, while Harold Richards was a close second, 979 pins. In the doubles, in which not so many entered, Harold Lewis and "Rox" won first position. "Rox" at last demonstrating to the satisfaction of all others, that although there in a pinch, and could really get a score when the opportunity came.

To Mr. Wm. Powell much credit is due for his help in organizing and directing the High School Bowling teams.

TRACK AND FIELD MEET

The first annual track and field meet of the St. Clair county athletic association took place at Tashmoo park, Friday, June 6.

The track teams of the high schools of Port Huron, St. Clair, Marine City and Algonac competed. Port Huron won the meet with forty-nine points. Marine City was second with thirty-eight points; St. Clair third with eight points and Algonac fourth with four points.

For Port Huron, Lennox was the highest point winner with first place in the 50 and 220 yard dashes and second in the 100 yard for a total of 13 points. Hungerford was second with 11 points, with first in the pole vault, tie for first in the high jump and second in the running broad jump.

Bonnett took first in the shot put and javelin throw for ten points. Smith, W. Hill, Baker and Moore garnered ten additional points in the various events and Lennox, Holth, Lasher and Smith won the relay race for another five points.

Scott was the star for Marine City, taking first in both the 440 yard and half mile runs, besides placing in the other events.

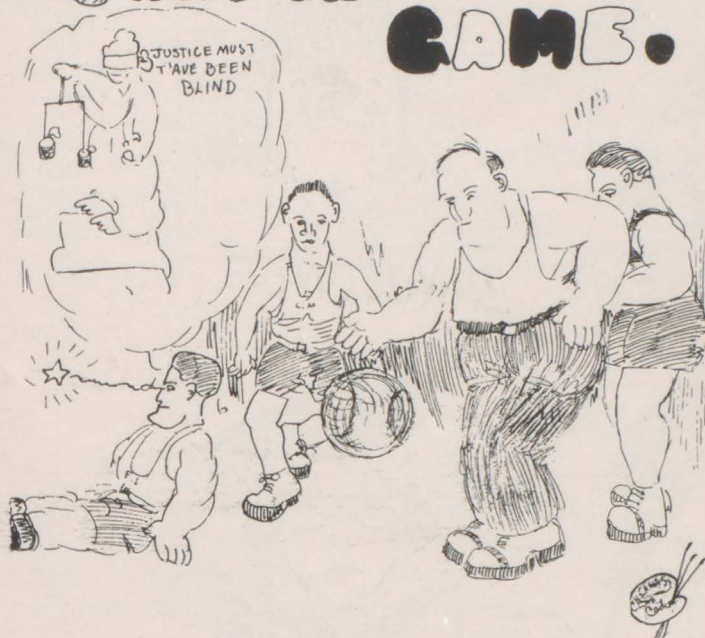
Port Huron's victory is more notable owing to the fact that not one of the point winners had ever before competed in a high school meet.

In the baseball game Port Huron was defeated by a score of 3-2. The game was well played and exciting, despite the fact that Port Huron had twelve men left on bases in seven innings. Bonnett pitched a good game.

E stands for English in which I'm a dunce,
N stands for naughts that I've got more than once.
G stands for goats of whom I am but one,
L is the little I always have done.
I is the interest I have in the class,
S stands for something which may help me pass.
H is my head which for fear it may bore,
Refuses at present to yield any more.

—G. DONALDSON.

THAT FACULTY GAME.



— "THAT FACULTY GAME" —

Prof. Lake, it is said,
Most of the time on
his back he laid;
While "Lucy" Misserdancing
round
Missed the ball at every
bound.
But "Tubby" Myers was start
and true,
And shot the ball for
score of two.
Ole Anderson was sure
and lame,
And dropped the ball and
lost the game.
But none of these can quite
compare,
With Prof. Hungerford's
daring air.
He charged his man and
run him down,
And got the ball, but then
around his waist he found
An arm of iron, his "Baldy"
Bonnet,
And now came the end
of this little sonnet.

John E. Cady

Latin as she is translated—"Caesar bellum in Gallia Septem amicos gessit."

Caesar bellered in Gaul seven years I guess.

Magna pars munitionis aqua deleta est.

A great part of the munitionettes were delegated to the river.

A. Browning translating Latin—"Many things fell from the heavens and knocked the gods from their pedestals."

Miss Hayward History I—"Why were you out of school yesterday, Edward?"

E. Moore—"I was sick all day yesterday."

Geo. Lennox—"I didn't know the Y. M. C. A. Bowling Alley was a hospital."

You are the star on which I fix
My yearning gaze, and
My thots, like blossoms sweet, entwines
My dreams of you, most all the time
Now whisper "Yes," and so complete
The charm to make my life time sweet.

Mrs. Crane in Geometry class—"Now I'm drawing this circle with my eye."



VAMPISH



INNOCENCE



BY
AICHORN

OH! HOW SHOCKING STUDIOUS P.H.M.S. BELLES

Wanted

1. Special formula that made the Tower of Pisa lean.—Russell Norris.
2. Ponies for final exams.—Viola Hart.
3. Information on subject "Why it is so lonesome in school now."—Harold Hill.
4. Brains to learn Miss Northrup's English lessons.—English VIII student.
5. A diploma.—Ashford Meno.
6. Some new clocks.—High School.
7. A Man—Marguerite Baer.
8. A Jackie—Mary Schuberth.
9. Some stationery—Hazel Howell.
10. Maxim Silencer, Session Room Style—Miss Northrup.
11. An "A"—Wilbur Oliver.
12. An alarm clock—Louis Kleinstiver.
13. A dancing teacher—Bill McCracken.
14. "Pep"—Junior Class.



CALENDAR

March 10, Monday

From February 10th until this date, March 10—the school was busy getting the new welcome “freshies” settled.

Today Mr. Haensel of the Chamber of Commerce spoke to the seniors about organizing a Junior Young Men’s Chamber of Commerce. The seniors gave their class songs and yells.

March 11, Tuesday

The junior girls wore their hair down. They thought they were “putting something over” on the seniors but the seniors know better than to let them do that.

March 12, Wednesday

Calvin Johnson was sent home for skipping school. We don’t blame Calvin, this weather would make anyone skip.

March 13, Thursday

Ashford Meno took an interurban ride as far as Marine City. Wonder what the attraction was?

March 14, Friday

Mass meeting 5th hour. A speaker from Lansing spoke on the Barberry Bush.

March 17, Monday

St. Patrick’s Day! The school was brightly hued. Even shoe laces were green. The Senior’s were crazy enough to carry canes with their class colors of green and white tied upon them.

March 18, Tuesday

An awfully pretty young teacher substituted for Miss Northrup. The boys’ attention could not be concentrated on “Hamlet.”

March 19, Wednesday

The seniors were busy “swapping pictures.”

March 20, Thursday

Mr. Crossley "sprung" one of his numerous tests in Chemistry.

March 21, Friday

Miss Northrup returned after an illness.

March 24, Monday

Six week exams began to every one's joy (???)

March 25, Tuesday

School clocks were running, much to our surprise.

March 26, Wednesday

A number of students went on a canoe trip.

March 27, Thursday

The above were expelled but for only about a day.

March 28, Friday

The senior girls with the much-appreciated co-operation of the lower class girls held a candy sale, and about \$25.00 was made. If we had had more candy we could have made double that sum. At 3:30 a "Jazz" student assembly was also held.

April 2, Monday

Report cards were out. —!x x x ! x !— ?

April 3 Tuesday

Coffee was served in the afternoon and evening for the benefit of the athletic association.

April 4, Wednesday

"Everybody's happy! Why? Because we have no school Thursday or Friday.

April 7, Monday

P. H. H. S. certainly has talent. Elvaretta Nestell, a flourishing young Freshman, recited for the Juniors at chapel services.

April 8, Tuesday

Everyone was selling tickets enthusiastically for the high school play.

April 9, Wednesday

Slumber school party. Everyone tired from Michigan Opera, "Come On Dad," and the dance after.

April 10, Thursday

Miss Northrup's mother visited school.

April 11, Friday

We lost a debate with Saginaw. Never mind team, you were fine anyway!

April 15, Tuesday

Rainy day—but not one session.

April 16, Wednesday

Isabel MacLaren made a brilliant recitation in French—ask her what it was.

April 21, Monday

The Student staff had their picture taken.

April 22, Tuesday

Mildred Smith taken home ill, but Mildred is back again and is feeling better than ever.

April 23, Wednesday

Final practise for "Every-Child" many of the characters were absent from school all day.

April 25, Friday

School dismissed at noon—as it was clean-up day. Tonight is the Junior Senior party, and we all went home and cleaned up for that.

April 28, Monday

We were all "raving" about the party. The Juniors certainly can give wonderful parties.

April 30, Wednesday

LeVange Kimball wore a pretty new dress.

May 1, Thursday

Four minute speeches were given in every session room, by Allan Minnie, Bessie Magahay, Alfred Browning, Albert Hogan and Mary Schuberth in honor and memory of the late Fred L. Keeler, former superintendent of Public Instruction of the state of Michigan.

May 2, Friday

"Doc." Crissman spoke to the school at a mass meeting seventh hour to arouse "Pep" for the game with Algonac.

May 6, Tuesday

Miss Hovey and William Ottaway had dinner together at the Majestic chop suey.

May 7, Wednesday

New matting on the stairs. Now we will probably be safeguarded from the previous numerous falls.

May 12, Monday

Cards out again. Just once more and then school is over. That is one consolation.

May 13, Tuesday

The Freshies had a meeting today just like the big ones.

May 14, Wednesday

Harvey Harland is raising a moustache.

May 16, Friday

Miss Hartsig was in Ann Arbor today, where she was entertained at a lovely tea party. The occasion being her birthday.

May 19, Monday

Senior's had their rehearsal today at 3:30.

ELECTION RETURNS

Most Useful	Ted Jenks
Class Dancer	Marjory Brown
Crankiest	Edith Brown
Most Bashful	William McCracken
Woman Hater	Raymond Smith
Most Retiring	Esther Ream
Live Wire	Harold Hill
Class Flirt	Gertude Gleason
Class Athlete	Sam Sullivan
Most Conceited	Wilbur Oliver
Most Studious	Harold Hart
Most Popular	George Silhavey
Best Beloved	Leonard Little
Handsomest Fellow	Harold Waugh
Prettiest Girl	Gretta Roberts
Joke	Madeline McCowan
Most Unsociable	Frances Smith
Most Punctual	Dorothy Major
Laziest	Bessie Magahay
Quietest	Helen Endlich
Noisest	Mary Bradley
Most Religious	Harry Magahay
Cleverest	Dan Watts
Class Idol	Leonard Little

FAVORITE SONGS

Guy Manuel—"You're Some Pretty Doll."
William Duff—"I Hate To Lose You."
Neva Schell—"Hop In De Motor Car."
"Dave" MacTaggart—"The Wild Wild Women."
Marjorie Browne—"I Love a Piano."
Louis Kleinstiver—"I Love You That's One Thing I Know."
Harold Hill—"After All."
Mary Schuberth—"O Charlie Is My Darlin'."

Grant Moore—"Sweet 'n Pretty."
 Isabel McClaren—"Sometime."
 Bennet Langtry—"I've Got the Alcoholic Blues."
 Madeline McCowan—"Dear Little Boy of Mine."
 "Baldy" Bonnett—"Mary, Marry Me."
 Margaret Akers—"I'm In Love."
 Harold Richards—"Till We Meet Again."
 Ruth Sturmer—"My Hero."
 Ashford Meno—"I Love the Ladies."
 Elaine Schell—"Love Is Like a Cigarette."
 Arthur Davidson—"That Society Bear."
 Millicent Webster—"Little Bit O' Honey."
 Albert Dixon—"I Want a Doll."
 Hope Phillips—"There Is Someone Waiting For Me."
 Bob Carson—"Millicent."
 Harwood Fenner—"Along Came Ruth."
 Marjorie Neville—"The Heart of a Sailor."
 Fred Moore—"Valse Elaine."
 Doris Deal—"Don't Wake Me Up I'm Dreaming."
 Harold Hart—"Kisses."
 Beatrice Grey—"Rocked In the Cradle of the Deep."
 Wilbur Sylvester—"They Didn't Believe Me."
 Raymond Smith—"Melody of Love."
 Albert Hogan—"Tackin' 'Em Down."
 Eugene Lewis—"Oh How I Hate To Get Up In the Morning."
 Russel Simms—"You Can't Do Business Without a Band."
 John Howard—"Young Hopeful."
 Malcolm Wright—"When I'm Alone I'm Lonesome."
 Gertrude Tennant—"Put Your Arms Around Me Honey."
 Paul St. Dennis—"Kiss Me Again."
 Gertrude Hall..... "Two Little Love Bees."
 "Ed" Nicholson.....
 Alex Avery—"Nothing To Do Till Tomorrow."
 Mac Watterworth—"Wait and See You'll Want Me Back."
 Carleton Hill—"If You Only Had My Disposition."
 Bud Mueller—"I Love You Truly."
 Sam Sullivan—"Even Bravest Hearts May Swell."
 Leonard Little—"A Little Birch Canoe and You."
 Ross Scupholm—"I'll Say She Does."
 Katherine Philbrick—"I Wonder Who's Kissing Him Now."
 Frances Hyde—"Since I Met Wonderful You."
 Jack McCowan—"Can You Tame Wild Wimmin."
 Wilbur Oliver—"Croon, Croon, Underneat' De Moon."
 Jeanne Ryan—"Johnny's In Town."
 Billy Watson—"When You Know Your Girlie Loves You."
 Edith Brown—"Sammy Boy."



"The Collegiate," Sarnia, Ont.—Your magazine is decidedly clever, especially the literary department. As a whole it shows much hard work, but where are all your jokes?

"The Zodiac," Lansing, Mich.—The article, "My Castles in the Air," is fine, a few cuts and cartoons would greatly add to the interest of your paper.

"The Lake Breeze," Sheboygan, Wis.—We like your idea of having a boys' number, and agree with them that it is original and exclusive. Come often.

"The Rutherfordian," Rutherford, New Jersey—"Historic Rutherford" is well written, and the idea of illustrating is well worth copying.

"The Pioneer," Grand Rapids, Mich.—Why not have fewer advertisements and more stories and poems?

"Said and Done," Muskegon, Mich.—A very snappy little magazine, but we do not admire the cover.

"The Carteret," Orange, New Jersey—Your paper is very interesting and has a pleasing personal touch.

"The Colt," Northwestern High School, Detroit, Mich.—Your paper is certainly an exception, especially your art and literary departments. We like your cover design.

"The Holead," M. A. C., Lansing, Mich.—A very newsy little paper.

"Normal College News," Ypsilanti, Mich.—An interesting well constructed magazine.

"The Owl," Park Ridge, New Jersey—Literary work fine, but where are all your cuts?

"The Reflectoo," Jackson, Mich.—The plan of your paper is an exception. We like it.

"Hillsdale Collegian," Hillsdale, Mich.—Brief and to the point.

"Western Normal Herald," Kalamazoo, Mich.—A very neat little paper.

"The Beacon," Western High School, Detroit, Mich.—You ought to be proud of your poetic talent. Originality seems to be your slogan. "Come again."

"Michigan News," Ann Arbor, Mich.—The title well expresses the contents.

NOTES ON OTHER SCHOOLS

The Freshman class is leading Rutherford High School in selling thrift stamps.

The Physical Training Department of Lansing High School has carried out, during the last couple months, an extensive program of after school activities.

Many high schools have been adopting French War Orphans to care for.

In the Auto Mechanics Department of Muskegon High School the students are taking hold of the work in splendid shape. This department is in charge of Monroe Sherman, an expert auto engineer.

The girls South High School, Grand Rapids, have organized a Girls' Volly Boll Tournament and have games scheduled.

The Sheboygan High School has organized an Agricultural Society in which they study and discuss subjects pertaining to Agriculture.

The course in Engineering at Michigan Agricultural College is to undergo changes to meet new demands. Specialization will begin in fall term of Sophomore year instead of fall term of Junior year.

Fifty-seven girls in Western State Normal learned how to swim last year, and are making plans for spring meetings.

Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., has given \$5,000 for an up-to-date equipment of the Chemical laboratory at Hillsdale College.

Three hundred acres of wet land in St. Clair County will be drained during the next few months under the direction of the farm Mechanic department of Michigan Agricultural College.

Mt. Pleasant is going to have a new school, costing \$155,000 there being a \$20,000 fund now available.

The girls of the Nature Club in Western High School are devoting much time this semester to making books for the children's Free Hospital and knitting squares for an afghan.

Albion's new Carnegie Library was opened in May. The dedication speech was given by William Bishop, of Ann Arbor, head of the American Library Association. This new Library is a great joy to the students.

A contest between the boys and girls of Northwestern High School has greatly aroused the people of Detroit. The whole city is open for canvassing to get people to adopt a war baby or as many as they can possibly afford—payments for them to be made daily, weekly, or monthly.



WITH THE EDITORS

William Schupe
Stanley McFarland
George C. Hanna
Claude Markey
Francis Buckeridge
"Mike" Hobin
Fred Sherman
Harvey Whipple
Bessie Atkinson
Clarence Eichhorn

Gordon H. Bagg
Dwight Jennings
Eileen Stevenson
Harold Vance
Amy Storms
Hazel Harris
Russel Hart
Ralph T. Moore
Harold Hovey
Perth Boice

Carleton Jenks
Edwin Akers
Clarence Hart
Beatrice Buckeridge
Elsa Haag
Vaughn Oliver
Quinneth Summers
Warren Simms

CLASS OF 1918

Florence Andrews—Great Lakes Foundation Co.
Edward Bassett—Sarnia Bridge Co.
Marjorie Ballentine—Teaching.
Philip Amadon,
Loretta Barker—Port Huron Gas & Electric Co.
Gertrude Chesher—Muir's Office.
Elmer Chamberlain—University of Michigan.
Helen Canfield—Oberlin.
John Conat—At Home.
Cleo Browne—Riverside Printing Co.
Edna Clemens—At Home.
Cyril Dyer—U. of M.
Lois Cochran—U. of M.
Harold Crimmins—Grand Trunk.
Gertrude Cole—Normal School.
Violet Crawford—At Home.
Foss Fox—Y. M. C. A.
Lourene Crory—M. A. C.
Robert Farr—Union Trust Co.
Virginia Elliott—Normal School.

Grace Farbrother—First National Bank.
Arthur Hamlin—Annapolis.
Florence Fleming—Normal School.
Edward Goldman—U. of M.
Vivian Frink—Grand Trunk Office.
Juliet Lee Fuque—Chicago University.
Finn Holth—M. A. C.
Edna Hall—Woman's Benefit Association.
Gordon Hill—U. of M.
Beatrice Heilig—Married.
Selina Hodder—Grand Trunk Shop's Office.
Robert Houston—M. A. C.
Rosamonde Hopkins—Vassar.
Frank Kresin—Anker-Holth.
Helen Hoppe—W. B. A.
Alta Horton—P. G.
John Kunz.
Blanche Hull—Port Huron Gas and Electric Co.
Lloyd Lawrie—Grand Trunk Shops.
Verna Hurley—Detroit University.
Grace Kishpaugh—At Home.
Clele Matheison—Teaching at North Street.
Mildred Little—Normal School.
Herbert Little—M. A. C.
Alice Makeleim—Detroit.
Helen Marr McCall—Hillsdale.
Gean McCue—Home.
Fred Moore—M. A. C.
Margaret Norris—Boyces.
Mary Porrett—Home.
Elmer Schumaker—Pere Marquette Freight Office.
Nina Pratt—Home.
Warren Simms—City Engineer's Office.
Thelma Reynolds—Maccabee Temple.
Esther Richards—At Home.
Amos Snyder.
Lucille Roach—M. A. C.
Fredrick Sovereign—Grand Trunk.
Marion Rowe—Normal School.
Gladys Sawdon—Home.
Ernest Strauss—Port Huron Gas & Electric Co.
Marie Schweitzer—Times-Herald.
Emery Stringer—Fenner's Shoe Store.
Lenore Smith.
Dorothy Stephenson—At Home.
Jesse Upp—Mueller Metal Works.
Bertral Summers—U. of M.

Gerald Van Norman.
Frances Thompson—Duna Hall.
Hilda Vogelei—Romeo Foundry.
David Watterworth—County Road Commission.
Reta Yeager—Stephensons.
James Wellman—M. A. C.

East Lansing, Mich., 11 F Wells Hall.

May 18, 1919.

Editor of Student,
Port Huron High School,
Port Huron, Mich.

Dear Sir:

As a member of the Alumni of P. H. H. S. I often think of days of pleasure that have gone and passed by forever and never to come back. So in token of my love for the Prep. school that I once attended, I subscribed for the "Halcod" to be sent to the P. H. H. S. I hope you are receiving it. In return I ask that you save me a "Student" and will pay for it at the time it comes out. You can send it to my home in Port Huron (2029 8th Street) or here in East Lansing. Just send a bill and I will remit the money by mail.

I have nothing further to say other than that I wish the best of success to this year's "Student." Make it the best ever.

Yours truly,

MARSHALL G. DRAPER.

Port Huron, Mich., May 4, 1919.

Miss Hope Phillips,
Alumni Editor,
"The Student," P. H. H. S.

Dear Miss Phillips:

Since receiving your letter, I have been trying to think up some "thoughts," but have just come to the sorrowful conclusion that they are practically negligible. It is not that I do not believe in Alumni support.

The appearance and literary make-up of the last few annuals certainly show no lack of student or alumni interest.

With best wishes for the "Student" and for your department in particular, I am

Very truly yours,

CLARENCE HART,

APOLOGIES BY ARTHUR B. BUCKERIDGE, 32ND DIV.

CLASS OF '15.

Advice always seems to flow easily from the lips of those who have graduated so the message from the alumnus must necessarily be along those lines. But somehow the war has changed the aspect of things and now the theme of service predominates in the minds of everyone. For those who have seen the real service, whether at home or abroad, on land or on sea, life seems to be more of a difficult problem to be solved than it did when graduation day made them think they were thinking seriously.

Conditions are such at these times that every student is needed to help in the readjustment of things. There is an era of prosperity in view and the graduates have an opportunity knocking right at their doors. In this day and age no time can be lost because conditions change so rapidly that only the hustlers can keep up with the times.

You would hardly realize the greatest lesson that was taught to the alumni who served overseas. Not only did the realization come that the United States was the greatest nation in the world but a profound respect was born in the hearts of every one for the old home town.

So our message is short and to the point. Make the best of the present opportunities because they are so wonderful that their value can only be realized after you have taken advantage of them. You may not realize that your chance to make good is right at home until it is too late. Be loyal to Port Huron. It's your home.



This article is much like a Ford on a frosty morning—very hard to start. However, I will not attempt to be at all journalistic in my effort, but will proceed as best I can.

Having spent six months in France I no doubt am expected to know all the habits and customs of the French and to be personally acquainted with Premier Clemenceau and other dignitaries. I must plead not guilty to all of the above, blaming the fact that travelling abroad as a tourist is vastly different than travelling aboard under supervision of those authoritative persons known as Army Officers.

It was not my privilege to see any real action with the A. E. F. and in the language of the Doughboy I "led the life of Riley," in comparison to those whose lot it was to engage in the actual fighting, and because of this fact I probably had a better opportunity of sight seeing than the men who made life miserable for Fritz.

I think the first thing that met my gaze when we landed at Brest was a "little old Ford rambling right along." I soon discovered that Fords were

almost as common around American Bases as they are in Detroit. My stay at Brest was of five days duration after which I experienced the many delightful sensations of a forty-eight hour trip in one of those famous "8 Chevaux or 40 Hommes" cars. Sleep was practically impossible on this journey and all of us were glad when it came to an end. This was my first and only ride in a French freight car and needless to say I do not yearn for another. My next train ride lasted three days and I rode in a regular passenger coach which was fairly comfortable, although, not to be compared to our Pullman cars. I got a little of the Pullman effect, though, by sleeping one night on the high-rack where the "voyageur" is supposed to place his travelling bag. French passenger cars are very much smaller than ours as are their locomotives—one of our men ventured to ask the engineer of a French engine if compressed air supplied the motive force. You have no doubt heard the whistling of a French locomotive from time to time—I'm sure the sound must travel this far. In comparison the Sarnia fire whistle sounds like the gentle peeping of the first robin of spring. Our march to camp after alighting from the train led us through a fair sized town and the population was out in its entirety to greet us. The small boys ran along besides us asking for pennies and "tabac" and they really reaped quite a harvest. One lad in particular caused considerable amusement by an enthusiastic rendition of "Hail, Hail the Gang's all Here," much to our astonishment. He had evidently come in contact with Americans before this.

In October I was fortunate enough to be sent to the city of Nantes on a four day visit. Here I had my first taste of city life since leaving the States—a period of several months. Nantes is one of the largest cities in France, having a population of several hundred thousand. In many ways it is as up to date and as lively as some of our larger cities. The streets are narrower of course, and the automobiles noticeably few, most private machines having been taken over by the government.

Nantes is justly proud of her beautiful new art gallery, which is brim full of wonderful masterpieces by great artists. The building itself is a massive structure of white stone finely decorated with numerous statues and graven cornices. Soon after the Germans began to bomb Paris numbers of the paintings in the Louvre were removed to the gallery in Nantes for safe keeping. One might spend days among these beautiful works of art and enjoy every minute of his time, but, my time was limited and after a few hours tour through the great corridors I proceeded to the next point of interest which in this case happened to be a restaurant.

My experience in the restaurant was rather novel as I was unable to translate the bill of fare and in desperation motioned for the waitress to bring me everything on the list, and, she surely did so. I never saw such a variety of food on one table before in my life. I lived through it, though, and afterwards I attended the opera "La Mascotte," enjoying it immensely in spite of the fact that I was unable to understand a word of the dialogues.

The next day I visited the Nantes Cathedral which was built in the fifteenth century, its crumbling walls and worn steps vouching for its age.

I was shown through its wonderful interior by the sexton, an aged Frenchman, who showered me with explanations and descriptions which I was little able to understand. One cannot enter such a holy place as this without being immediately impressed with its beauty and solemnity, the sun streaming in through the stained glass windows and the silence of all within inspiring the greatest reverence. Beneath its floors are many underground passages, one of which leads to the crypt or vault where are buried the bishops who have served that particular church.

Another historic building in Nantes is the castle of Queen Anne which is located almost in the heart of the city and but a short distance from the Loire River. It is much like the castles described in *Ivanhoe*, the moat and drawbridge being still in existence although no longer in use. It was constructed, I believe, in 1434 and is still in splendid condition. Its floors and walls are of massive stone and winding stone steps lead up to the towers and down to the dungeons and underground cells. From the top of one of these towers a fine panoramic view of the city may be obtained. The walls of the towers are now profusely decorated with the names of American soldiers and it is no uncommon occurrence for a sight-seeing Yank to find the name of an old friend carved in this out of the way place. After a visit to the uppermost parts of the castle I was shown down into the dungeons where many historic men have been confined. No light whatever enters these dungeons and needless to say my stay in this part of the castle was very brief.

There are countless other interesting sights I might tell about, but, time and space do not permit. Rest assured however, that no part of France was half so interesting to us as our first sight of the U. S. A. on our return trip.

T. E. GERRIE.

NOW—AND SOON

He was a pessimist. He knew it—everybody else knew it. When the time came for boosting there was nowhere a more efficient knocker. If he had only applied himself as systematically to something worth while as he did to swing "sour grapes," people were agreed that he could make the world a decent place in which to survive his kindred species. (Is that how your next-door neighbor feels about you?) The "Blues," each one from the "Livery Stable" to the Fort Worth Heart Disease," seemed to bring his only happiness. He rose to the seventh heaven when he heard them sung or "jazzed." Sarcasm and an habitual "wet-blanket" personality do not trend usually toward an environment that is enjoyable; rather, either or both wear on the nerves. And so when everybody had done his best to drag the erring one back to the "Straight and Narrow" from the "too straight and real narrow" and failed, they all said "he was going to the dogs."

At here, however, he was dissatisfied with his own reflection in the mirror, dissatisfied with what he was trying to do for himself and what he

wasn't doing to help the next fellow along. Naturally a man who thought to conclusions, with little effort he soon realized the fallacy and unsureness of his course and was convinced of the necessity of a new start. (On acute self-examination maybe your need don't you think?) And so tossed a coin, "heads I stay, tails I go." With an abandon that has often marked the making or unmaking of a career, the coin struck the ceiling, hit the table, spun and rolled to the floor. "Tails." And he went.

In less than six years he returned—a college graduate, a different man. He had received a vision, achieved congeniality and an optimistic personality. Success and friends soon became his—all because of a vision, and a little man-sized work with "service" as a keyword.

This is just an actual illustration, a page from the life of a very dear friend, revealing the futility of life without a vision, a dream—its promise and scope with one. Life isn't a stable thing. You can't put it on a shelf and expect to find the same thing you left there. It's a fluid. It's volatile. Men are either growing or shrinking.

The great present demand is that for the educated man, the specialist. Doors have never been open to more expansive opportunities. But while that education is being acquired every action and thought should be impelled by a tireless ambition. You should eat, breathe, dream it until you are fairly bursting with its intensity and impulse—visualize—give up your whole being to it. Fight! You must win in this big game, this struggle for pre-eminence. Your aspirations will furnish energy, develop creative pressure and broaden your mentality.

Be loyal—to your work, your friends and to all that is fine and good. Be a little forgetful of self—greatest success and truest happiness are derived from the vision with "Others" for its motto. Life isn't an accumulation, it's a giving-out. When you have learned this and put it to the test, soon, in this peculiar world that a great poet once called a stage and all of us simply players, you will be playing one of the leads.

Do not wait—work!! The time of preparation is the time of inspiration.

WARREN H. SIMMS, Editor "1918 Student."

"Johnny, how old is your sister?"

Johnny—"I think she's a last year's model."

Verna F.—Good night, it's raining pitchforks and I have to go home.

Wayne F.—I think I will wait until it rains water.

No one appreciates home talent. Why, the deaf people of California would give ten thousand dollars to hear Hazel Howell.

R. N.—Lenore, you're going to be an old maid.

B. B.—I'll throw out the life line.

A is for Annual, come stop and look. Don't read your neighbors—but buy
your own book.

B is for Bluffer, who strangely to tell, seldom e'er studies and yet recites
well.

C is for Cicero—that orator great—who makes us to study both early and
late.

D is for Duty—there's some for us all—we must fulfill it be it ever so small.

E is for English—a study so charming, that we sometimes pull marks that
are somewhat alarming.

F is for Flunk—if you do not know yet, just wait till you do, you'll never
forget.

G is for Good—with a studious look. So will know all traits aside a book.

H is for Heaven—when we've finished below—the place where all Juniors
will certainly go.

I is for Idleness—Haste thee away. The Juniors don't know you—they
work all day.

J is for Jojo—that doleful delight, that gently reminds us to stay in at night.

K is for Knocker, who waits till the rest have finished the work, then cen-
sures the best.

L is for Lemon, the fruit we receive, when the class of our presence is freed.

M is for Morning—so tired you drop. The time you will likely come in from
the hop.

N is for N. S. of course means “none such.” It has other meanings that
don't matter much.

O is for O. K., a mark that no dunce will ever receive—I looked at it once.

P is for Pony—whose trustworthy mission is to get us through Latin with-
out a condition.

Q is for Quiz that prophet of woe, that asks us the questions we never did
know.

R is for Red marks, meaning failure, of course. Why oh why did it they use
a wee horse.

S is for Slacker—there always are some, who absent themselves until the
work's done.

T is for Tardy—a word which we hate. It means an eighth hour whenever
we're late.

U is for Unison, the thing that we need, if ever our high school is going to
succeed.

V is for V. G. on our themes sometimes hid. Perhaps you have seen it. (I
never did.)

W is for Wrong—a word us to vex. Sometimes translated by a large sized X.

X is for a quantity unknown you see. Generally followed by an A, B or Z.

Y is for Yells—so peppy are they that our teams come victorious from the
fray.

Z is for Zeal—almost unknown that phrase—but later in life we'll find that
it pays.

I. Pollock—How can I keep my feet from going to sleep?

A. Meno—Don't let them turn in.



Miss Hartsig—What brought the Mayflower over?
C. Holth—A boat.

Ralph Tuer—Say Steve, have you any dry herring?
A. Stevenson—No, I gave them all a drink.

Mr. Anderson (in Advanced Accounting Class)—What are the duties
of the receiver?
R. Brothwell—Turning the company into cash.

V. Fitzgerald—I'll never marry a man.
R. Norris—What will you marry then?

Rehearsing for "Every Child":
Miss Sibilla—Have you all practiced your parts since yesterday?
M. Baer—Yes Miss Sibilla, I practiced love in the basement for a half
hour with Billy today.

What if Marguerite Baer had a brother named Teddy?

Wail of the Senior President
The saddest words of tongue and pen
Too many women and too few men.

Have You Noticed?
Let me stand where 'er I will,
I see those crazy dolmans still,
They hang around the corners—
They "grace" the stores at night—
Although you may like them,
I think they are a fright.

Miss Stevens—"Wayne, can you tell me what the term 'Knight of Bath'
means?"

Wayne Frink—"Saturday night, usually."

At the Art Exhibit

Said Carlton Hill to Miss Hartsig bold—
See here, Miss Hartsig my cocoa's cold,
She scornfully answered "I can't help that
If the blame thing's chilly put on your hat."

R. Simms—When I don't go out in company I am so blue and when I do I get so red because I'm so green.

M. Hamlin—"Are your salted peanuts fresh?"

A. Stevenson—"No, they are salted."

Miss Hovey (to English 4 Student)—"Lenore, please tell me what Tennyson looked like."

Student—"He was a very tall man, but he was of a shrinking disposition."

M. Baer—"I had a dream last night and dreamt I went to Heaven."

B. McCracken—"Did you see me there?"

M. Baer—"Yes, that's why I thought it was a dream."

Ma—"No, she will not become engaged until she is twenty."

Pa—"But, my dear woman, she may not get the chance when she is twenty."

Ma—"Well, then she will remain twenty until she does."

After all, the biggest peace problem is to make life in America worth the prices being charged for it.

Miss Stevens—"What were the Belgians suffering about during the World War?"

Bright Pupil—"For want of hunger."

France S Moore
Margare T Akers
Ruth St U rmer
Doris D eal
Mari E Maurer
Isabel A N nas
Ger T rude Hall
I S abel MacLaren

Why

1. Why have Juniors the big head?
2. Why does Margaret Akers like a King Eight?
3. Why "He" likes Dorothy Sarjeant's poetry?
4. Why is Madeline McCowan so interested in Kindergarten work?
5. Why does Miss Northrup admire the words, "trace," "discuss" and "development?"

WOULDN'T YOU BE SURPRISED IF YOU SAW:

Fred Adams in the hall.
Verna Fitzgerald without a smile.
Madeline McCowan get angry.
Ted Jenks agreeing with the rest of the class on any subject.
Irvin Pollock when he wasn't talking to Gertrude Gleason.
William McCracken insisting that he was right.
Frances Smith with nothing to say.
Esther Ream when she was not as neat as a pin.
Margaret Akers reading a note.
Allan Minnie experimenting in Chemistry.
LeVange Kimball when she wasn't powdering her nose.

WHO'D THUNK IT:

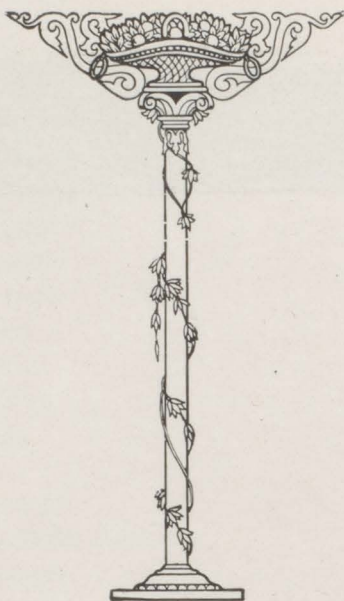
Studious—Paul St. Dennis.
Jealous—Margaret Akers.
Contented—Harry Ross.
Smiling—Curtis Chalcraft.
Flunking—Frances Moore.
Studying—Elizabeth Brown.
Cranky—Albert Hogan.
Scouling—Nan Marsden.
Bashful—Ruth Sturmer.
Fussing—Ruth Evans.
Athlete—Allan Minnie.
Talking—Leonore Clink.
Snippy—Lucille King.
Angry—Alice West.
Flirting—Marion Stewart.
Painting (her face)—Ruth Kennedy.
Spiteful—Blanch Warren.
Brave—Albert Dixon.

Jumping Jack.....	Marjorie Browne
Teddy Bear.....	Margarete Baer
French Doll.....	Millecent Webster
Giraffe	Albert Hogan
Flying Dutchman.....	Cora Schnackenburg
Talking Machine.....	Harwood Fenner
Tin Horn.....	Carlton Hill
Soap Bubble Pipe.....	Dan Watts
Dancing Dolls.....	Ruth Sturmer—Margaret Akers
Kewpie	Bonnie Barrett
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Pussy Cat.....	Allen Minnie
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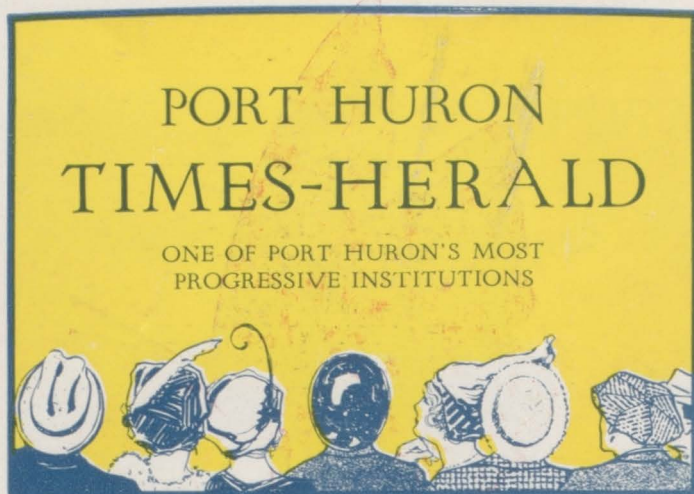
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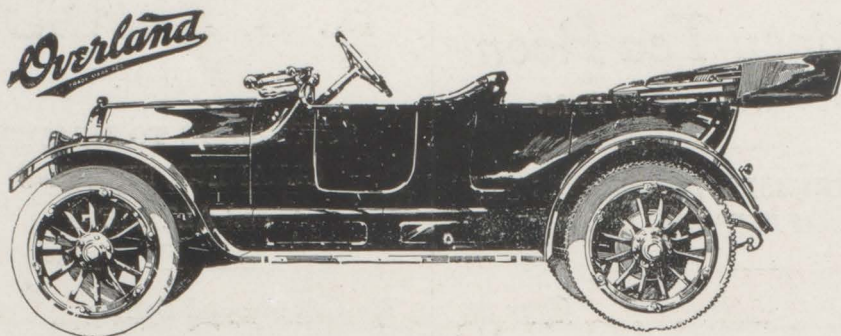
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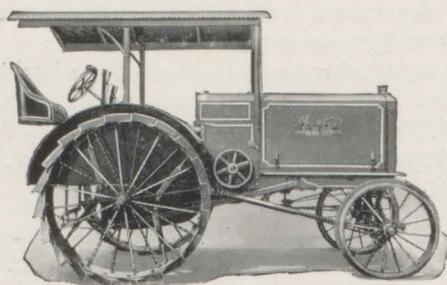
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